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messenger

Mrs Jena E Gray
Delta
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with regards of
The Author

Edward Marshall Messenger.



EDWARD MARSHALL MESSENGER.

A SIMPLE LIFE

OF

THREE-SCORE TEN

WITH

STORIES OF
OBSERVATION AND IMPRESSION
AND
SUPPLEMENTARY GENEALOGY
AND WAR RECORDS

EDWARD MARSHALL MESSENGER

1911.

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TO
My Kindred and Old Friends
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
Dedicated.

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Opposite Page
Frontispiece—Edward Marshall Messenger	1
The Reward of The Farmer	14
Oxen and Cart, of The Past	18
The Bog School House	20
Burnside Bridge—Antietam	24
The Bromfield House—Boston	26
Father and Two Sons—1903	28
Winter Camping on the Seboois—1875	38
Round Mountains and Lake—View from Camp	40
Fly-casting is, The Poetry of Angling—Guy—Ten years old . . .	42
Success of The Veteran	46
Elijah G. Morse	51
E. M. Messenger and Charley. The Poetry of Gunning.	52
The Sturgeon—"Mishe Nahma"—Length, 8 feet	64
The Totems—Wrangel, Alaska	66
Steamer Queen—Glacier Bay	68
Tourists on Top the Muir Glacier	70
Sitka, Alaska—Baronoff Castle on left	72
The Beehive Geyser in Action	80
Harbor, Port Antonio, Jamaica—From Titchfield Hotel	90
Round Mountain Lake Camp—"Ye who love, etc."	100
The "Heavenly Twins"	104
The Acadian Willow	108
Crest of Messenger Coat of Arms	113

CONTENTS

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

	PAGE
MESSINGER AND HOLMES	11
MY FATHER	12
MY MOTHER	13
MOTHER OF ANNA AND HATTIE	14

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

EDWARD MARSHALL MESSENGER	16
---------------------------	----

STORIES OF OBSERVATION AND IMPRESSION

	PAGE
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS	33
CHOCORUA MOUNTAIN	35
CAMPING IN WINTER	37
ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE	41
SOURCE OF THE KENNEBEC	44
THE SHOWCASE	47
TARBORO, NORTH CAROLINA	49
ELIJAH G. MORSE	51
CHARLEY	52
BEN	54
SANDWICH, MASS.	55
THE HEDGEHOG	56
ANTIETAM	58
LANDLOCKED SALMON	60
THE NORTHWEST	62

	PAGE
ALASKA	66
WASHINGTON	74
IDAHO	75
MONTANA	78
NATIONAL PARK	79
HOMeward	84
MESA CITY, ARIZONA	85
LURAY CAVERNS	87
JAMAICA	89
ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE IN SEPTEMBER	100
THE "HEAVENLY TWINS"	104
EVANGELINE LAND	106
THE STORY OF JIM	109
GENEALOGY	115
REVOLUTIONARY RECORDS AND CIVIL WAR	120

NOTE TO THE READER.

A book-writer, I am not. Any theme to be treated by me must be one in which my nature is in full sympathy and in which I have become absorbed. So also of my speaking,—I cannot talk unless I know something to tell. When fascinated with my subject, a degree of inspiration seems to possess me, as in my lectures on Alaska, Yellowstone Park and Jamaica, to public audiences a few years ago. Readers of this book will kindly overlook errors. I have compiled and arranged it with neither assistance nor criticism. The labor has been pleasure. I have told my stories in my own natural way, also the illustrations are from my own camera, with very few exceptions.

This book will not be for sale. My object in its compilation is to preserve and perpetuate in some degree, the collection of records in my possession, the genealogy of my ancestors, biographical sketches of my father and mother, and the autobiography of The Author. On this last subject I have accumulated a mass of manuscript, written of vacation experiences, of what I have seen and love to recall, of which, only a selected list will be used in this book.

The simplicity of my life in youth, only expresses the conditions that prevailed at that time in a comparatively new country, where was developed strong, healthy boys, into vigorous, active men, and I am proud to record the

facts as I find them stored on the tablets of my memory.

The wonderful and beautiful creations in nature which it has been my privilege to gaze upon during the past forty years, have had the effect to continually open up my mind to new thoughts and deeper appreciation and reverence of the Deity. I have had the opportunity to study the people of nearly every State and Territory of our country, and the adjoining Possessions, compassing a latitude of the Arctic, Temperate and Torrid Zones. I have seen every grand and astonishing creation in Nature's handiwork of the same area ; Mountains, Rivers, Caverns, Canyons, Glaciers, Geysers, Waterfalls, The Wide Prairie, and The Unbroken Forest. From the textbook of Nature I have studied geology, chemistry and botany, animal life, bird life and fish life. In all and everything I found Law and Harmony. I found peace and rest and new life. I found Love, *I found God !* I believe God is the basis of all life and matter. That the life of every individual, of everything that exists, fulfills a purpose as designed by The Creator. I believe in *The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of all Mankind*, and I am happy in my conclusions.

THE AUTHOR.

Winchester, Mass., 1911.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MESSENGER AND HOLMES.

The town of Stoddard, New Hampshire was first settled in the year 1768.

Articles of incorporation were received from King George III, in the year 1774.

Among the early records of that town we find the names of Samuel Messenger and George Holmes, they being taxpayers in 1800. Both men came to this new town from the Colony in and near Boston, Massachusetts.

In the archives at the State House is found an honorable record of service, of both these men, in the War of the Revolution.

Soon after their settlement in Stoddard, these men had good farms and later became prosperous.

My father and mother came from these two families, Marshall Messenger and Fanny Matson Holmes. They were married July 14, 1836. At that time my father was a widower, his first wife, Nancy Friend, having been killed by lightning, leaving two little girls of five and three years of age, Huldah Ann and Harriet Frances, and he bought a farm in the west part of the town. The house was pleasantly situated on a southerly slope, giving an extended view, with the summit of Monadnock Mountain exactly south. The virgin soil, though thin, was rich and always produced an abundant harvest.

A good school was convenient and the farms and houses

of eight neighbors were in sight of the house. So it was in every way an ideal New England homestead ; bright and sunny in summer, breezy and cold in winter, but cheerful and healthful always.

In this house was born to them, three sons and one daughter, as follows : Freeman Woodbury, George Milan, Maria Nancy and Edward Marshall.

MY FATHER.

Marshall Messenger was born in Stoddard, N. H., May 16, 1802. Being the seventh child in a family of ten, his opportunities for education were not liberal, nevertheless he was a natural student and became an industrious reader of books and men, and was especially a student of the Bible, who today would class with liberalism. As a laborer, he was of that class who are naturally self-supporting ; working cheerfully and constantly with an outlined purpose always in view. In the field by daylight, in the shop or house at evening, mending the boots and shoes of the family, the manufacturer of all his sleds, carts and hayracks, harrows and other farming implements. A proper ash stick was cut in the forest, pounded and peeled, and of the material the baskets were made and chairs were seated. A small birch stick was cut, and while the family "cured" apples or other industry during evening hours, he would sit with it across his knees and pull strand after strand until a good broom was the result of his work. All this he said "was not work, it was sport" and truly I now reflect, he got many good little "naps" while at it.

He abhorred liquor and tobacco in any form, as he also

did low and profane people, and he never had an enemy nor a quarrel. Though of no royal lineage—whoever his ancestry or his posterity—my father was a good man; modest, peace-loving and cheerful at all times, and a good neighbor.

His health was broken and shattered at the age of sixty. His boys were all gone from home, so he sold his farm he had loved so much, and bought a house at the village, where his last years were passed in quiet comfort; leaving us in 1865 at the age of sixty-three years.

MY MOTHER.

Fanny Matson Holmes was born in Stoddard, N. H., September 19, 1805 and was the youngest of a family of ten. She was given the advantage of good school opportunities and became a popular teacher at an early age, following the occupation for a dozen years or more with success.

For girls of those primitive times, she was possessed of unusual accomplishments. Standing high in general education, singing in the church of which she was a member, and writing a hand equal to an engraved plate, she was a girl of whom the town was justly proud.

At the date of her marriage to my father, she brought good executive ability and matured experiences. Taking her place in family life as a stepmother to little girls of six and four years of age, with the advent of four children of their own, that they should all be to each other as one happy family, certainly reflects credit on both parents and children. My mother studiously taught her children industry, neatness and economy. The girls to

cook, sew and mend, and to practice order and neatness in everything—she being a good housekeeper. She had ambition for the education and future welfare of her children far beyond her resources of that period.

Shortly after the death of my father, she sold her home in Stoddard and hired a house at Hancock, N. H., near her sister Dolly, where at the age of eighty years she had become very infirm, and needing such constant care, I took her in the spring of 1887 to my home at Bromfield House, Boston. With the care given her by two nurses, her condition improved and she enjoyed her books and friends, passing away in January, 1891, at the great age of eighty-five years and four months.

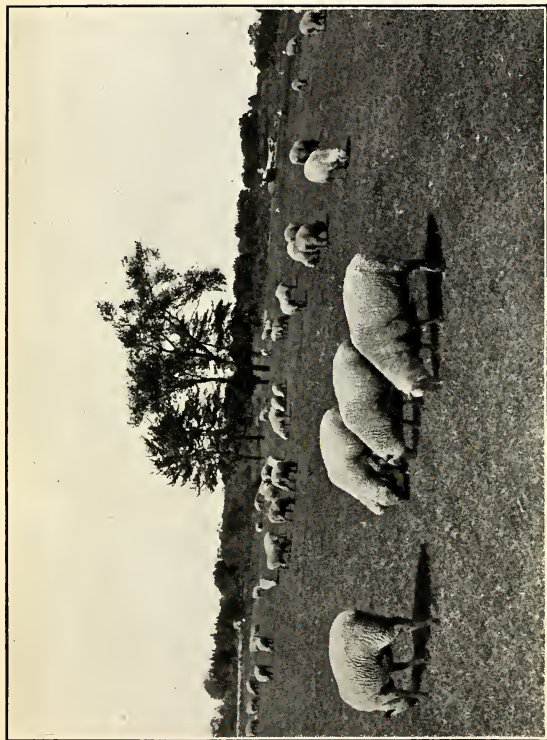
THE MOTHER OF ANNA AND HATTIE.

Nancy Friend was born in Stoddard, N. H., May 6, 1806, and married my father December 3, 1829.

The story of the tragic ending of the life of this loved and loving young wife and mother, rehearses one of the heartbreaking trials to which we mortals are sometimes subjected.

On the morning of a beautiful day in July, the husband with his hired man left the family at the breakfast table and went to the hayfield in plain sight of the house. Toward the middle of the day a few clouds thickened into one, from which a flash of lightning streamed and was seen to descend on the house. The two men hastily ran to ascertain the result. Neighbors also did the same and on their arrival, what was the scene before them?

The husband with the dead wife in his arms sitting in the doorway, with the two little, motherless, sobbing girls



THE REWARD OF THE FARMER.

clinging to either side. Death was instantaneous. God had been kind, only, in sparing the mother the consciousness of leaving her little ones, suddenly bereft of a mother's care.

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

EDWARD MARSHALL MESSENGER.

“ Backward ! Turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight, make me a boy again, just for tonight.”

I was born in Stoddard, New Hampshire, June 12, 1841. June is called the month of roses, but I don't know as that fact signifies anything in regard to myself or my life. Sometimes the world has looked very rose-colored, and at times the color of the faded rose. Sometimes the world has seemed a bed of roses for me ; at other intervals I have recognized that every rose in the bed had its thorns. Mine has been a life not unmixed with sadness and disappointment, though a life for which I thank God every day.

I was the youngest of my father's six—just a boy, with a disposition to copy anything in sight, and fortunately my surroundings were industry and law and order. The life of my youth, though so simple, the activity and occasional problems and constant labor of my preparatory and business career were such that they may well be termed strenuous. At an early age I was given daily duties to perform and taught to exercise the responsibility of those duties, and from that age to the date of my giving up business, there was no interim when I saw the close of a day ; but I had plans for the morrow.

I find that my memory has retained incidents that occurred when I was about five years of age ; simple, but

unusual things—a runaway horse, a visit from my grandmother, an injured sister, a new buggy with shining wheels, an adventure with a cross rooster, etc.

The hand loom and flax wheel were already banished from most New England homes, but I lived to see the growing crop of flax, the preparation of the product, the spinning, and the slow, laborious weaving of the linen web, in the family of a neighbor who clung to the good old methods and material, and “Aunt Nabby” supplied all the boys with “tow” for gun wads. Also in my own home I remember a dilapidated loom and various old flax wheels which were of special interest to me as playthings until ruin overtook them. The spinning wheel for wool was yet in every house and the stockings and mittens of every family were homemade.

I remember well my first little dog friend and companion, “Trip.” In my eyes he was perfection. He was of the class now known as the “yeller dog,” but his tail had a *curl to envy*, his ears were pointed and stood upright. For every passing team he had a clear bow, wow, wow, and for the unruly cow he gave a “yak, yak,” and though he did not resemble some beautiful, intelligent setters I have since shot over, yet he was *my dog* and we loved each other.

My toys and playthings were limited until I arrived at an age when my own inventive and executive faculties developed. At the age of ten years I was making little sleds, carts and wagons in imitation of those of my father. The outfit of the shop was axes, drawshaves, saws, augurs and gimlets, and I was often busy.

My career as a fisherman began at an early age, with the

most primitive tackle, the grasshopper and the angleworm. An alder "run" on the brook near our house could always be relied on for plenty of "worms." The big brown birds with a long bill, that often sprung from this cool, moist ground and cover—startling us with his strange, whistling noise, made us wonder who he was and how he made that noise. Some called him a "swamp robin," but nobody knew him. So also of another beautiful bird with whom we could get but slight acquaintance—although he seemed to take interest in us, and often gave my father warning of the coming rain by saying, "more wet, more wet!" I little guessed the important position those two birds would occupy in my future life's pleasures. In those boyhood years we knew only our song friends, notably, the thrush, the cat bird, the bob'o'link, the robin and the little wren, who built her nest in the pocket of our scarecrow in the cornfield.

My school-days commenced as soon as age would permit. I was sent to the district school in charge of big sister Hattie, and as might be expected, did not like the situation, and on getting a breath of liberty at recess, I promptly cut for home; the road leading up a long hill. Whereupon, the ardent teacher sent Ann Taylor to catch me and bring me back. Good, loyal Hattie, fearing for my safety in my own little legs, to see that no harm came to me, took up the chase with Ann. But they all underrated me, for I was running for my liberty and life. I got home!

From this age to that of eighteen, the many incidents of boyhood cluster on the pages of my memory. The faces of companions of school-days and events that attended those days, the rivalry in spelling "hard words," the struggle



OXEN AND CART, OF THE PAST.

for the "head of the class," the clever boy, the rogue. The rogues—there were more than one of him, the quaint pupil—and the good teacher, never forgetting the big boy from the adjoining district who "put on airs," and ducked us smaller boys in the snow. He came to grief, through the combined attack of two of us, who "downed him" and gave him no peace thereafter. Therein are discovered the full value of the old maxim, "United we stand—divided we fall."

The winters were long ones, snow falling in middle November, and during winter the heavy storms would succeed each other, until many crossroads were necessarily abandoned; this condition ended only with the passing of the snow in March.

After the closing of the schools, came the winter work of the farm, chopping the year's stock of wood, breaking the colts and steers, and on the advent of the sunny days in March all would go to the Maple orchard, tap the trees and be busy for a few weeks making maple sugar. This was an important New England industry which kept the family pantry supplied with sweetening, at small cost for the entire year. The original methods of catching the sap in troughs, roughly gouged out with an axe, and boiling it down in a row of kettles, hanging against rocks in the forest, have been supplanted by modern inventions; but nothing can improve on the old fashion of the sugar party of boys and girls with "wax on snow," and a ride home on the ox-sled, through a New England moonlit forest.

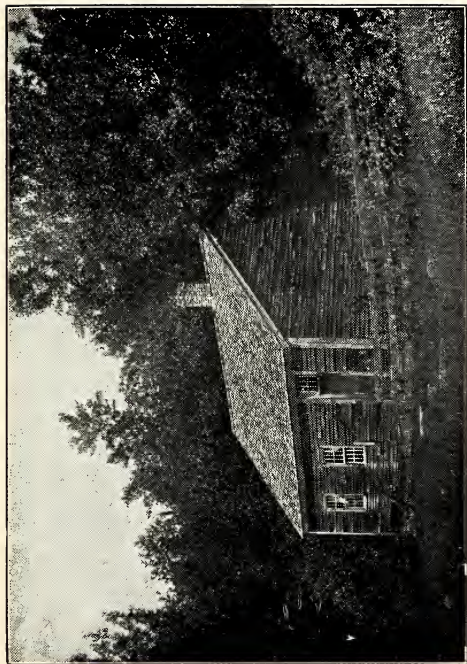
Of the gun, my first possession was an old flintlock "queensarm"—of doubtful bore—but later the family became the glad owner of a small and good gun, with

which I acquired a degree of proficiency in capturing the most inquisitive of the noble ruffed grouse.

At the age of eighteen all my schooling had been the results of the good old "Bog School." Brothers and sisters were all engaged from home, my ambition to follow them was increasing, and I was in a general condition of unrest. My father made many overtures to me to stay with him in his failing health and inherit the good farm he had worked so hard to develop, but decided to send me to the fall term of the Valley Seminary at Westmoreland. I went. It was a new life. I came in contact with a fine set of students and conditions of strict discipline, and the term was beneficial. Of the teachers, Rev. S. H. McCollester, E. A. Kemp, M. D., and many of the students, I formed a close and lifelong friendship.

I went home and soon received an offer to teach a school in the "Morse district" in the town of Westminster, Vermont. This was unexpected, but having no other plan for the winter, I gladly accepted my first opportunity to earn money "on my own hook." It was a small school of two dozen pupils—the teacher to "board around" in the good old-fashioned social way, and although it called out the exercise of new thoughts and faculties, it was for me a homelike and pleasing study among the typical New England families, and at the close was voted a success.

At an early age I had a well developed desire to "learn a trade" and while waiting for an opening, I took an agency for the sale of Colton's Atlas by subscription. In this I discovered one of the best "schools" a young man can attend to show him the possibilities of human



THE BOG SCHOOL HOUSE.

nature—rub loose his tongue, if tied—and teach him to curb it, if too free. Valuable education.

I next hired as apprentice to N. B. Harrington, marble worker, Keene, N. H., for three years. I had a good home and enjoyed my work. During the first year I became capable of laying out and finishing marble, drafting and cutting an inscription, and had carved a few buds and flowers. I was enjoying Keene very much, but alas, and alack, in 1862 the Civil War had developed into startling proportions. A call was made for three hundred thousand men, and after a few days, still another three hundred thousand more.

I enlisted August 8, 1862, Co. I, 9th Reg. N. H. Vols., Col. Fellows, Lieut.-Col. Titus, Capt. John Babbitt. Mustered in August 14, at Concord, N. H. Sent to Washington, D. C., August 25-27, in the *common box cars*. *Our seats were boards placed on boxes and blocks!* Arriving at Washington at evening, after three days on the road, we were suffered to lay on the ground and platform of the B. & O. depot till next morning! August 28 marched through the city over Long Bridge to Arlington Heights—our first camp. Many of the boys were so loaded with knapsacks that sunstroke and prostration was frequent.

Here we had our initial experience on picket duty and building earthworks, and on the night of the second Bull Run defeat, we lay on our arms all night, expecting orders. The next day our retreating army came straggling in the utmost disorder toward Washington.

The victorious Confederates, not realizing their advantage, turned West and crossed Chain Bridge into Mary-

land. We now had orders to make a forced march into Maryland to join the Army of the Potomac. My old memorandum says—marched through Georgetown, Leesboro, Mechanicsville, Leightonville, Kempton, Newmarket and Frederic City* and camped on the night of Sept. 13, near Middletown.

On the morning of Sept. 14, 1862, as we kicked our stiffened limbs loose at daylight, an occasional shell was dropped among us, from the elevations of the South Mountain. We were soon ordered forward, across the plain, and as we approached the base of the mountain, the order came to leave there the rest of our worldly goods, retaining only our guns and cartridge belts. I knew what that meant, for the shells now were dropping thickly among us, and the wounded were passing back from higher up the hill.

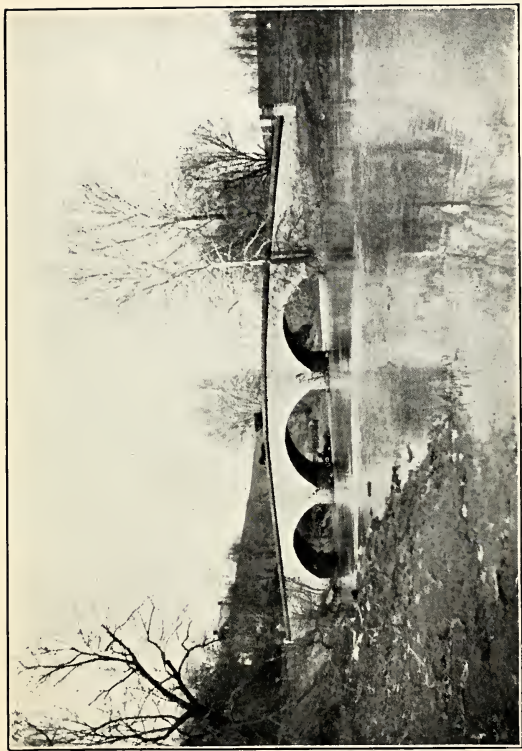
We were deployed into proper line for a charge,—the order came. We charged up the rough sides of the mountain, keeping in line the best we could. Bullets cut the brush and glanced from the rocks. Shells burst in the air or crashed through the trees, and on occasions, plowed the earth and covered us with it. We came to a high wall—we scaled it—finding ourselves in an open field. Imagine our surprise at seeing two lines of boys in blue across the field, lying flat on the ground, waiting for reinforcement, — they dared go no further — but “forward” was our order. We jumped over these men and crossed the field. Coming to another big wall of cobble stone, we climbed that in a hailstorm of bullets from the Confederates in plain sight among the trees. Here we opened our fire, stood our ground without

finching, and the enemy broke gradually back into the forest. We had gained a foothold on the summit. After this we were all day deployed in skirmishing line, getting an occasional volley from their rear guard and pickets, during which we had several badly wounded, but the Confederates were making down the mountain, and on the morning of the 15th were well on towards Antietam.

Detachments were left to bury the dead, of which we saw some sickening sights, and our brigade moved down the mountain through Turner's Gap.

This Monday morning, Sept. 15, we had but a half ration of hardtack—no blankets—and as foraging was entirely out of the question, most of us continued with nothing whatever to eat until the morning of the 17th—*forty-eight hours!* On the night of the 16th, we camped east of Antietam Creek, back from Burnside Bridge, and knew the Confederates had made another stand and were giving battle. The morning of the 17th, we, on account of our starved condition, were not ordered in line till about ten a. m. Coming out from behind the bluff that had sheltered our men from the enemy's artillery, the crack of rifles greeted our ears. Crossing the highway and an open field, our brigade took up position on the east bank of the Creek, a short distance below the bridge, to assist in the charge on the bridge. Our only protection was in lying flat on the ground behind a rail fence. Here, from the high bluff of the opposite bank, came the rebel bullets with remarkable precision—only a little too high—cutting the slivers from the rails and lifting a little puff of dust where they spitefully buried themselves in the loose, dry earth behind us. Our boys commenced shooting

wildly. I remember seeing bullets strike the opposite bank among the trees. Instinctively I scanned the skyline of the bluff among the trees and had taken several shots at moving objects. I was now watching a big tree from behind which I had seen movements. He appeared again, and as I quickly raised the rifle to my face and lifted on one knee to shoot, I was conscious of a stinging blow—a shock—no more. I was shot. When next I realized my own identity, I felt someone, as if kicking or striking me,—I opened my eyes. I lay on some loose straw under the porch of a farm house, in line with eight or ten other men, all of which were considered past recovery. The one that had disturbed me was dying. It was past noon of the 18th, twenty-four hours since I was shot. I had been struck by a bullet over the right eye, crushing the skull and coming out in front of the right ear. The eye was blind; also half the left thumb was carried away. Some thought it was quite possible that both wounds had been made by the same bullet. I soon brightened and began to look for N. H. V. boys. I called a soldier, he brought the surgeon who was much surprised at seeing me so lively. He cleaned my head and sewed up my thumb, which was very ragged and sore. I gained strength rapidly and in a few days was out in the adjoining fields, and one day was much surprised to see my brother come in the house as I sat on the porch. My brother went to the regiment in Pleasant Valley where the boys were in camp. They all supposed me dead, giving me the honor of being the first man killed in Co. I. A furlough of thirty days was secured and I arrived home. On the trip home and whenever seen, I was looked upon as one



BURNSIDE BRIDGE, ANTIETAM.

whose escape from instant death was miraculous. Improper care or neglect had imperilled the remaining portion of my thumb, which after reaching home was easily saved, but the loss of eyesight was irretrievable. Ten long months elapsed before the wounds were healed.

In the spring of 1863 my condition was such that I gave up my position at Keene, and went to Boston to find a situation. It was a strange and big city, and I found but two familiar faces in it. I worked in a restaurant at 33-35 Sudbury street for a few weeks, then went with a Capt. Gilman to take charge of his dining room in a private hotel for boarding army officers at 92 Penn. avenue, Washington, D. C. This was not a desirable climate for me, but I now enjoy the recollection of the dust and mud of the old-time Washington as compared with the present beautiful artistic city. While here I had the offer of a lieutenant's commission if I would re-enlist, but in September I returned to Boston and secured work on Congress street which I held until the following summer.

I was lodging at the home of John Town, who was a native of Stoddard. He had a small grocery store at 49 Leverett street. With the encouragement from "Uncle" John, I bought out the store to gratify my ambition to do business for myself. I had never before weighed and done up a pound of goods of any kind, nor made change over a counter in my life, but I worked industriously, made a little money and many friends.

An event occurring a few months later was of importance. I had formed acquaintance at the Seminary in 1859 with Martha W. Leach and our devotion to each other had

continued, and now once on the road to a business career, my desire for a home led me to wish for a consummation of my youthful love, which resulted in our marriage in November, 1864. We were a happy couple. Our hearts were full of hope in the apparently bright future—and innocence and ignorance of the uncertainty of life, and through the immutable laws of God and Nature. That cup of bliss was soon dashed from my lips. Less than a year had passed and the first born, our dear boy Edward, was given to our care. And at the end of two weeks more I followed the lifeless form of the young mother to its resting place in Westmoreland. The effect of this crushing blow bore heavily on me for many years. Previous to this event I had sold out my store on Leverett street and was now in company with my brother in a restaurant at Scollay's Building, but we sold that out in the spring following, and in May, 1866, located at 55 Bromfield street. This we remodelled—the first floor into a dining room with a seating capacity of seventy-five chairs, with a kitchen in the basement. The locality was first-class and success rewarded our efforts for four years, when at the sale of the estate we bought it, through assistance of my friend, H. L. Lawrence. Popularity was now with us and with encouragement by J. Parker Lawrence, we put in new furnishings and fixtures throughout and named it Bromfield House.

From a business standpoint, the period of the next six years was productive of events that received some merited criticism. Messenger Bros. resorted to the Court of Insolvency in 1875 and at the suggestion of creditors, the firm was dissolved and the business put in my hands in



THE BROMFIELD HOUSE, BOSTON.

May, 1876, just ten years from the date of our first opening on Bromfield street.

My courage now returned to me and I instituted many economies in the management.

I applied myself to the work with old-time tenacity, and was rewarded by finding satisfactory results. I continued to carry on this business with unexpected success, and with the happiest associations, from 1876 to 1894. My house and tables were crowded with a select class of local patrons, and from a wide circle of country, and they became like old friends, and it was with reluctance that I concluded to withdraw from my old business home. But such business demanded my constant personal attention, which I gave it, although I had instituted and followed a system of vacations with gun and rod, which had served to keep me in excellent health. Vacations of travel that stored my mind with much that will always be food for reflection while life lasts.

I confess it had been an ambition since the days of early manhood to acquire a competency that would insure my protection against a struggle in old age. I had now succeeded beyond my dreams in this worldly aspiration, but there was still another—and perhaps more commendable—that was yet unrealized. I had for many years planned and looked forward to the enjoyment of an ideal home. A wife and family with surroundings of a social life, and the crowning pleasure and comfort was inaugurated on Sept. 15, 1892, when I was married to Mary (Proctor) Marshall. To assist in the development of unity, God gave us our sweet little boy Guy, on July 26, 1893. His loving hands and voice filled our house with light and our hearts with

love for each other, and our daily prayer is that we may all be continued in the blessings of health.

Preparatory to this event, we had made a selection of land in the town of Winchester, where we built a house and stable to suit our fancy, and moved into it May 3, 1893.

This home we have enjoyed to the full, and since Guy was three years old, have made a traveller of him ; taking him with us to the lakes of Maine and New Hampshire, to the various points of interest in the South, and a sailor's trip to Jamaica.

Since the above was written in 1900, a decade has passed, during which we have continued our yearly outings, though for certain reasons our trips have been more frequent and of shorter distances. Of my boys, the "boy" Edward has reached middle age ; found his level in the business world of Boston, and as an optician, has built up a trade of flattering dimensions. He was married in January, 1893. A wife of high-class character and qualifications, a woman who reflects credit on the grand New England pioneer race of settlers, through which she comes to us. They have a daughter, of sixteen years, of splendid promise, and a vigorous son of seven years, in whom we see the nucleus for strength and fineness of character.

My "boy" Guy is now seventeen years of age ; has inclination toward all that is good, and has no habits that invite reproof. He is now a pupil at Phillips Andover Academy, and I now have implicit confidence that he soon will have passed the critical age of the young man,



FATHER AND TWO SONS—1903.

and will immediately be found a citizen fulfilling all my hopes and prayers.

I have all these great blessings and many others to cheer and comfort me, and I have sometimes fancied that the character of my past life has been such, that I have earned the fulfilment of my desire to pass my last years in a peaceful and happy surrounding. But time works great changes, and those changes sometimes develop unexpected and unfortunate results, and new and unlooked-for conditions appear in one's path that call for renewed vigilance and forbearance. So may we now hope on, hope ever, and trust in Divine guidance for our greatest good.

STORIES
OF
OBSERVATION
AND
IMPRESSION
1870—1910

|||||

"FROM THE FORESTS AND THE PRAIRIES,
FROM THE GREAT LAKES OF THE NORTHLAND,
FROM THE MOUNTAINS, MOORS AND FENLANDS."

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

1871.

From early boyhood, I always harbored a strong desire to travel and see the country. I had read much of the great West. I recall the name and face of the first man I ever saw that had been in California. Contact with him fired me with determination to see that State. So also of the South, and the desire to see the country had an influence in my action to enlist as a soldier in the Civil war. But after leaving home, I laid aside the impossible, and studiously devoted myself to the various work in which I was engaged. In those days the vacation as a custom for the employee was unheard of, and after my advent to the business men's circle, I was no more liberal towards myself, for my feeble prospects needed constant attention.

My first vacation was that which should and does appeal especially to the native of New Hampshire—a view of that interesting and world-known cluster—the White Mountains.

My travelling companion was Clarence Tilden, formerly of Keene, N. H. A picture I still possess, which was taken at the Flume, tells the story of “the boys,” with our natty suits, canes and tall, white kersey hats—we were then up-to-date tourists.

We went the route of the Glen House carriage road to the summit of Mt. Washington, slept in the “Tip Top House,” awakening to witness in the morning a beautiful sunrise,—out over a sea of clouds that filled the valleys beneath us—

with the peaks of the Presidential Range standing like islands in the broad expanse of ocean-cloud about us. It was a thrilling sight. Then down the railroad to the base where we took in all the sights, of the Notch, the Willey House, the "Old Man of the Mountain" and the Flume—since bereft of its main glory and attraction, the big boulder.

We had a grand time. It is a trip I have thrice taken since, and when there I always feel I would enjoy a yearly repetition.

CHOCORUA MOUNTAIN.

1875.

We had listened to tales of Mt. Chocorua ; its steep and rocky sides, so difficult of ascent, its cone-like summit, topped off with boulder on boulder, outrivalling the Tower of Babel, its wild and beautiful scenery, standing as it does like an outpost or picket guard on the border of the world-renowned White Mt. Cluster, its deep caverns, its ravines, where grow the luscious blueberry on which the black bear fares sumptuously every day in September. Ah! the Bear! He is the meat for which we hunger! We will go to Mt. Chocorua and a bear!

Like all such landmarks, Chocorua has a history in connection with the early settlement of the country and the dislodgment of the Indians. It took its name from the fact that a chief by the name of Chocorua had his home and hunting grounds here, and after committing frequent acts of depredation and cruelty on the white settlers, he was driven to the fastnesses of the mountain, pursued to the summit, where having the alternative to leap from the precipice or face the guns of the exterminators, he chose the latter. What! Chocorua turn his back to his foe and leap into ignoble and certain death? No, never! His breast was bared, his eye looked down with scorn and defiance on the pale faces ; their rifles echo the death-knell, and Chocorua is ushered into the presence of the Great Spirit.

As I crouched beneath some overhanging cliff or stealthi-

ly climbed from crag to crag, peering over into the ravine beneath, the dim grey of the morning was slowly fading away before the rising sun and revealed to me my companions on other distant "spurs," employed like myself, watching for bear. Then did I picture before me how poor Chocorua was traced to his stronghold and watched for with deadly intent, even as we were watching for old bruin. How with savage instinct and cunning he eluded his pursuers by hiding in ravine or behind boulder until he was driven to the overhanging peak above me where he paid the penalty.

CAMPING IN WINTER.

Of my winter experiences in camping in the Maine forest, I have many pleasant memories, and have said—Let no man assume to know the sports of “Down East” until he has made his home in a lumberman’s camp in winter. Of several I have known the ideal was found in 1875 in a camp of primitive character. Built of logs, roofed with splits, and a thick coating of boughs on top, all now covered deep with snow. Inside, a big fireplace occupied one corner, with no chimney, but a smoke hole in the roof. The “cookee” could be found in an annex in the rear. But the chief essential to your comfort and pleasure lay in the character of the crew. They were of the native Maine men, than whom no more desirable camping companions can be found. Educated woodsmen, log-drivers and guides,—ingenious, resourceful and responsive. The twenty men lay on one long bunk under long, thick blankets. They gave us the warm corner—yes, and the warm corner of their hearts.

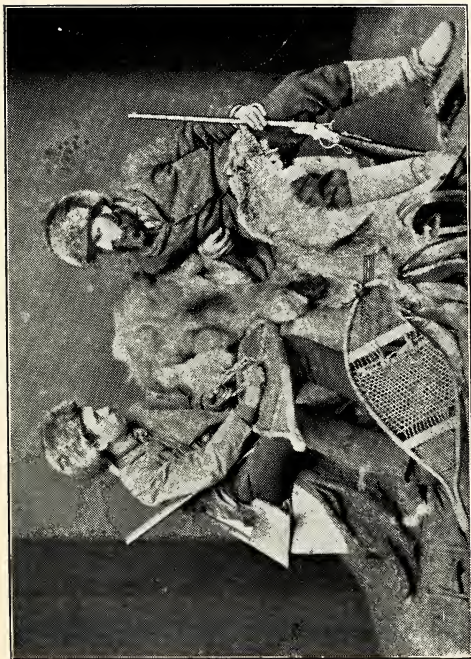
Every night games and stories of adventures left no spaces between scenes, even at times you would find yourself listening to three stories from as many sources, and truly many thrilling yarns there were, of narrow escapes and experiences, and morning, noon and evening when the cook shouts “*Bean on the tab’e*”! no man fails to answer with alacrity, for there are odors of beans fresh steaming from the “bean holes,” pigsfeet stew, beef and plumduff. It was good snow-

shoeing. The days were occupied shooting partridges, a mink, a lynx, a deer, and catching trout through the ice thirty inches thick. Other trips in the country drained by the tributaries of St. Croix and Androscoggin in later years were fraught with constant delights.

TRAGEDIES WRITTEN IN THE SNOW.

Many interesting things are written in the book of nature's wilds. It was a bright, sunny day in December, nearly noon. The snowshoes drew noiselessly along as I skirted a ridge and approached the top of a "cut-bank," or low cliff in the forest. From under the cliff a deer suddenly leaped into view; before he reached cover, two shots from my Winchester rang sharply out in quick succession. The deer had been lying down under the bluff in the sun, his bed was the hard snow. I examined as to his manner of occupying and leaving his bed. Evidently he lay with his legs squarely under him, in position like a "Jack in the Box," so that when alarm came he sprang immediately from the bed, landing ten feet out the first leap. In doing this he made no footmarks except two light outlines of the forefeet where the knees had previously rested, and two very deep gouges in the snow, made by the hind feet when they propelled the body forward. Protection on his part well planned and executed with success perhaps many times before; but alas this new and unlooked-for method of attack with man's invention *he could not escape.*

The Canada lynx always prowls by night for food, where the ruffed grouse and the little rabbit are plentiful. The lynx dines royally. His track in the snow, sometimes mis-



WINTER CAMPING ON THE SEBOOIS.

1875.

taken for that of the panther, is round in shape and very large. Here is one, lately made this early morning; it leads along through sheltered places where the ruffed grouse select quarters for the night. As last night was a cold one, and the new snow deep and light, the beautiful bird dove down in the snow for a warm bed. The lynx knows that, too. His tracks follow along at the foot of a ridge among the hemlocks; here his course is erratic, and there the surface of the snow is disturbed and broken. In a cavity in the snow are three bright pretty feathers and nearby are a few more drifting about. The track is continued towards a mound, perhaps a big rock or knoll under the snow. There on top of the knoll we find a wreath of feathers begrimed with blood, disarranged in a confused circle in the centre of which are a *few bones and two feet—all that is left of a beautiful bird.*

Another track leads out to the swamp, across a small pond. This the little rabbit made going out last night to make a call on his cousins in the ravine. Follow his long easy leaps so even, and regular as a machine could make them, each foot taking its proper place in relation to the others, each foot making the same deep impression in the soft snow as the last, he has got half way across, but what! now no more tracks? As if a magician's wand had swept across this mantle of pure white and caused this harmless and defenceless life to disappear! Examine close, the last three jumps show increased effort and speed and this *last track* is indented deeper than the others,—on *each side* of it in the snow is the sweeping impression of the *wings* of the *great barred owl!*

The story continued and ended high up in the hollow of some grand old tree, where a family of owlets were congregated and awaiting a *feast of warm flesh ; but little "bunny" made no more tracks.*



ROUND MOUNTAINS AND LAKE.
View from Camp.

ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE.

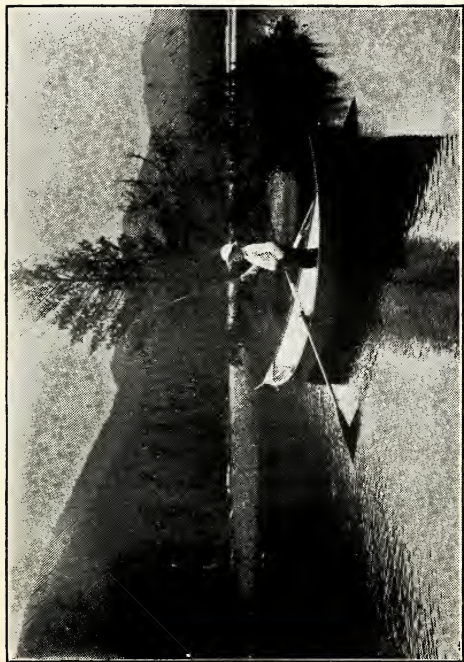
Of the waters of Maine, the Dead River Country is the Mecca of all fly fishermen. About twelve miles from Eustis, Maine, lays a gem of a lake one and a half miles long. Its southern and western border is formed by five round mountains in a semicircle. Their coneshaped summits are looking down into the mirror of its waters and also to a row of log-cabins on its sloping eastern shore. In scenic surroundings this little lake is not surpassed by any other in the State of Maine. These mountains have suggested the name Round Mountain to this lake, and the watershed of their eastern slopes together with the abundant springs at their base supply a deep and cool home for the brook trout, which are of a quality the first in choice of the epicure, their flesh being a deep red in color and of the richest flavor, far excelling those of many other waters.

The location and conditions create a charm that is lasting and I have been drawn to this spot more years than all other locations in the state, always receiving in return for my efforts health, strength, pure water and the menu of brook trout three times every day. To the true lover of nature the plodding through the forest on a marked trail, or better, depending on the sun or his compass for his locations is the greatest pleasure of a vacation in the forest.

"Nesmuck" a quaint writer of some note twenty-five years ago, author of "Woodcraft," a work of much merit and based on practical experiences of his own in the forest, dwelt

at some length in one article on, "The art of sitting on a log." No man of experience could differ with his theories and advice given, for on reflection, we note the fact that in the wilderness it is the man who is quite alone that sees the many surprising and interesting things of the wild animals whose eyes, ears and nose are constantly on guard for the safety of their owner, while the human voice is the truest warning to the wild creatures and they who carelessly stroll along the pathless forest, snapping the dry twigs, rustling the dead leaves and the while keeping up a rambling conversation, are quite unaware of the numberless denizens of their own home who quietly step aside unseen and allow the human enemy to pass by in ignorance of the presence of wild life. So it is, the lone fisherman, studious and watchful, catches the fish and the skilful still hunter is a party to many surprises.

In a recent year, since deer have become too numerous to excite remark, I strolled one day on the side of a mountain to enjoy God's Temples, in their full and perfect quietude, now watching the home life of a pair of bluejays, now searching the high branches for a glimpse of the author of those soft notes, and saw the rosebreast and his mate, then dropping my eyes to sweep the ground for discoveries. And what may be that black object, partially hidden in a tree brush? A burned stump! No! It moves! Soon it turns, and the broadside of a big black bear is clearly outlined only seventy yards distant. He rises erect like a man and pulls down some coveted green shrub, then investigates a rotting stump, and next pulls the bark from a decayed log, quietly and industriously moving about unconscious of my presence, even as our domestic animals



FLY-CASTING IS, THE POETRY OF ANGLING.

Guy—Ten years old.

do in their home enclosure, while I followed and closely watched his natural habits of life until he became swallowed up in a more dense thicket.

SOURCE OF THE KENNEBEC.

In the names of the waters of Maine there is much confusion. In Moosehead we have the plain English without a rival, but as we approach the Rangeleys "the plot thickens" and Rangeley, Richardson and Androscoggin all mean the same. The Schoodics may mean the "big" of the southeast or the "little" of the central. Here and there we have clusters of "First," "Second" and "Third," etc. Still again as the Seven Ponds, and yet another bunch that all go in as The Chain. Big Lake, found in several localities; Grand Lake, in as many; Mud Pond, Beaver Pond and Trout Pond in all parts of the State; but "what's in a name?" Though Maine has been in the past wantonly profligate with her natural endowment, yet she is still possessed of the richest supply of food fish and game of any known equal area in the world.

Few people are aware of the vast extent of the Maine forest or the character of the primitive country in which are situated the sources of her grand river systems. In the deep dark recesses of the primeval forest, where man seldom wanders, but where wild life roams at will through lovely canyons and valleys shut in by beautiful mountains, I stopped to quench my thirst. This bubbling crystal water bursting from the base of overhanging cliffs lifts the loose gravel and clears from a small area the mould of falling leaf and bark, then slowly makes its way down the gentle slope soon augmented by others of a like origin and

character. In this little source and stream there is no evidence of future greatness nor usefulness beyond the evident fact that not only birds and squirrels come here to cool their throbbing throats and bathe their feet, but in mid-summer, when the deer are spending the day in the cool breeze among the maples on the mountains, they also find this a most convenient retreat.

Taking a southerly course this little stream soon enters a valley winding through at the base of the mountain. In this valley grows in great profusion the Alder, so common in all New England States, and this fact has suggested the name, "Alderstream" for this rivulet. Further along in its course these accumulated waters are united with others and form the well known Dead River, which flows peacefully along until it outgrows its characteristic name and at the "Forks" it becomes absorbed by the Kennebec, one of the grand and beautiful rivers of Maine, discharging its abundant waters into the Atlantic.

Thus here, in this bubbling spring, we discover one of the principal sources of that noble river. For years unnumbered, Alderstream has been quietly gurgling its soft tunes in the dry season, or under the stress of melting snows and heavy rainfalls of the springtime, is suddenly found transformed into a raging torrent, every year digging deeper and deeper among the boulders that appear in its path until a wild canyon or gorge renders it impossible for the lumberman to utilize and degrade to the base use of driving logs. At one picturesque point, Alderstream Falls with its numerous terraces, pools, falls and cascades, for a distance of a mile, confined to its bed by walls of

granite a hundred feet high, gives one a study of surpassing beauty and geological interest.

But here again it has been left to modern science and ingenuity to outwit nature. The power of this foaming cataract has been harnessed, a road opened through the forest to deep water, this road equipped with an electric wire, and through the long winters of the lumberman's activity, train after train of sleds piled high and wide with logs are now seen steadily moving behind a little motor on the road to the deep river below.

THE SHOWCASE.

The large exhibition showcase I had in the window of the Bromfield House for twenty-five years, always had a variety of live fish to attract the attention of the public, also giving me instruction and pleasure in various ways.

Many interesting things were revealed to me through that "case." In it I have watched the progress of hatching and growth of the trout, salmon and hornpouts. The playful antics of the grayling, perch, pickerel and many others. The cannibalistic nature of many species of large fish and also the hard-fought battles between fish of equal size. Studied the disputed question among anglers of "how the trout takes the fly," witnessed the peculiar habits of hibernating of the frog, as well also his process of transformation from the "pollywog." Also I saw the protection given by the mother hornpout to her eggs and nest, and later on the watchful care over her young brood. This last is intensely interesting and is paralleled only by the maternal conduct of the mother hen towards her chickens. It should be added, the male is loyal to his mate and joins her in guarding the nest and defending the brood against all comers. In one instance, a pout of a half-pound, struck his horn so deep in the side of a two-pound bass, as to require my assistance in getting clear.

In it also I have proved the possibility of suspended animation by freezing, by restoring to life on various

occasions, pickerel, hornpouts and the saltwater smelts which had been frozen. In many instances the fish being taken from the marketman's basket, after being caught the previous day, were brought back to their original active state of existence.

The questions sometimes asked by people, whose simple interest in the finny tribe was far exceeded by their unconscious ignorance, was at times quite startling. Where and how in this enlightened age could a man of sixty years and gray hair, have spent his life who would stand half an hour watching the quiet occupants of the showcase, then turn to me and ask : " How often do the fishes come to the surface to breathe ?" " I have stood here just half an hour and not one has come up yet !"

TARBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

1880—1888.

Sixteen miles off the Coast Line R. R., a branch road takes you to the happy, peaceful-looking city of Tarboro. This portion of the state is not only of high agricultural value, but is interesting in many characteristics. Much wealth was once here, for it is situated in the best of the cotton belt of the South, and this country of the Tar River is not only of good soil, but is endowed with innumerable springs of excellent water, which flow so copiously that a system of canals and ditches for drainage are constructed all over the county of Edgecomb. This fact is all the more remarkable when we consider that though this section is seventy-five miles from the Atlantic, it was at some remote period covered with the salt water, and seashell deposits, called marl, is being dug up by the landowner to be used as a fertilizer.

In this delightful climate exempt from snow and ice, having plenty of protection in tree and shrub growth, with food and water in abundance, it is here that the quail and woodcock find their natural habitat.

The first of my visits to this place was in the month of February, 1880. I was in the field with two companions, who had good dogs, for twenty-three days of the month of February. With perfect suns and frosts every day, this was the happiest of shooting combinations.

Birds were plenty and strong of wing to challenge the

skill of the gunners. An average of about ten coveys of quail a day were flushed and quite a few woodcock, and surely three men never enjoyed more in one month's time. The native people with whom we came in contact were cordial and courteous and we made many friendships which were lasting and renewed each succeeding year of our numerous visits.



ELIJAH G. MORSE.

ELIJAH G. MORSE.

Elijah was my partner in many a well-hunted field and cover. Elijah was a partner of the right stamp ; responsive, resourceful and ready to speak or act as if by intuition. A man whose companionship and counsel were factors of value. A true, manly man ; six feet tall and a tireless worker. An inveterate lover of the gun, and the best shot in thick cover I ever knew. Through any and all hardship, defeat or disappointment such as will surely come from dogs, or men, or birds, or guns, or weather—he never was known to growl, but goes at it again next day in a mood of enthusiasm ; moving forward cheerfully at all times. Clustered around and intertwined with the memory of this man, is a shooting trip for chicken and duck in Minnesota, Dakota and Iowa, in the fall of 1882 ; and innumerable trips for quail, grouse and snipe over Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire, during a period of fifteen years. In our ideas and our work, we always moved in unison, and a strong bond of fellowship and brotherly love was woven between us, which continued firm and true as long as he lived.

CHARLEY.

Charley was much in evidence in my sports and vacations for the entire decade of the 80s. He was of Laverack stock, an English strain; weighed sixty pounds, all bone and muscle; deep chested, strong back, strong leg, webbed foot with pads like a rubber boot heel. He had a beautiful winning face with deep black intelligent eyes. A coal black blanket covered his back, neck and head; white nose, breast, legs and tail. A soft fine coat, ears like silk, and a leg well feathered.

He could strike the most approved gallop and keep it up all day, all the week, *all the month*. He never came to heel without ordered; was the most constant worker I ever followed or ever saw. His action, though so rapid; his nose was so fine and infallible, that he never flushed wild nor made false "points." He understood his work in the field, and his "points" were *an artistic pose, beautiful to look upon!* With these qualities combined with the superior intelligence in his endowment, he was capable of finding more birds in a day than many another.

Many incidents of his exhibition of intellect and reasoning powers are stored in my memory, of which many pages could be written, and it was with sadness I saw him growing old.

As fishing with the fly is truly termed the poetry of angling, so also it must be said, the poetry of shooting is found by the man who holds a gun over a good dog. It is not



E. M. MESSENGER AND CHARLEY,
The Poetry of Gunning.

found simply in the wing-shooting,—there must be a good dog ; there must be a good gun ; and too, if the man is not a good one, he will make no poetry but a sort of a “blank” verse.

BEN.

Elijah's "setter" was named "Ben." Ben was not as handsome a setter as Charley, but at his work he was in the first class, true and staunch on his "points." Is reason among the attributes of a dog? I have seen Ben, when two birds were down, go to "fetch." He picked up the first one and when half way to his master he saw the other, which was only "winged," running to thick cover to get away. Ben laid down his dead bird and hastily ran and caught the cripple, brought it to his master, then went back to fetch the dead bird. Intelligence, reasoning and memory of previous experiences.

And as at Canton, Mass., one evening Ben and Charley whipped all the big Newfoundlands and bulldogs in town. They evidently had a concerted plan how to do it. Charley always faced the attacking "party" and boldly met the first "clinch;" then Ben with extreme ferocity would instantly attack the adversary *in the rear*; utterly demoralize him, and he was soon sent howling around the corner. Our dogs would then return to us, smiling and ready for the next challenge.

SANDWICH, MASS.

1875—1887.

Nathaniel Hoxie lived at Spring Hill, a small villiage in the town of Sandwich, Mass. "Uncle Nat," was once a sea captain, as all old Cape Codders can claim. Uncle Nat was a farmer, carrying on a little farm and a big cranberry bog. His wife, Elvina, was of the good old New England stock and whoever came to their home was made to feel it was their own.

Their little cottage was my home when on the Cape for many years and that cottage with its happy occupants, is now prominent among the pleasant memories of my past life. Here, escaped from the city's jostling and bustling streets, I came many times, to drink health and pleasure from the peaceful, restful atmosphere and surroundings. Sometimes appreciative companions were invited to join me in this elysium and share in the pleasure.

Here we had the deer hunts with varying success, but never forgetting the big buck of 250 pounds. The shore birds, the ruffed grouse, and always the quail, that artful and skilful dodger ; that handsome bird of feathered life ; that most royal bird for the epicure. Here we found him in abundant numbers, in the most inviting of nature's protecting covers, grown fat and strong of wing in the frosts and suns of a New England autumn.

THE HEDGEHOG.

The fall shooting was being pursued the same old stereotyped way, with Charley and my new "Hammerless Scott" gun, on the various familiar grounds ; scoring partridge, quail, woodcock, and snipe. The results were always right for these were days when Charley and I were at our best.

One day in New Hampshire the "tables were badly turned" on us by the hedgehog. I saw one in a tree, I should have passed it, but knowing the mischief they had done in corn near by, and knowing my control over Charley I shot it. We passed on, and soon after, as he was ranging in thick ferns, he suddenly halted and growled. I sprang toward him ordering him back, but at my approach the hedgehog turned to run, and there being a little misunderstanding on Charley's part, he jumped on the animal as he had before done with a woodchuck. He discovered his mistake and came to me howling piteously ; holding up his mouth filled with quills. My despair amounted to distress. I laid him down—got on my knees beside him and pulled out quill after quill ; *talking to him as I would to a man*. As each quill came out, he gave a shudder and a whine. The poison soon got in its work, so the poor dog's jaws were dripping with froth. My fingers grew slippery and I failed to draw the quills from the hard gristle of his nose, but broke off six or eight of them too short to pull. They were in deep and no doubt very painful. I sighed for a pair of nippers, two miles away. I turned Charley on his back,

took his nose in my mouth and guided by my tongue, I took each stub in my teeth and extracted them one by one.

He gave a squeal at each pull, but made no attempt to bite me or clear himself from my holding. *They were all out!*

ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD.

1887.

It was now twenty-five years since the date of my war experience and I had many times promised myself to visit that battlefield where I was wounded.

On Dec. 17, I arrived at Sharpsburg. After making some inquiries as to general directions, I took a long tramp. With little difficulty I identified the farmhouse where I found myself when consciousness returned to me, and later on, the exact locality where I was engaged when shot, was established beyond doubt. I had the satisfaction of seeing the original Burnside Bridge with its scarred and battered face, also many of the old rail fences about which so many good boys lost their lives, near the Dunkard Church and Bloody Lane where the *hurricane of battle swept to and fro for the fourth time, in "charging" and "losing" a coveted position* ; finally it was held by the boys in blue.

A visit to the grounds enabled me to dispel that strange color of fiction that had begun to gather around my remembrance of the participation in this great battle, and establish its realistic character. Also assist me to feel it true ; that on this ten-mile field, in a battle between intelligent and courageous soldiers, who would neither retreat nor surrender ; during the one day, Sept. 17, 1862, there were more men killed and wounded than any other one day in the history of modern warfare.

Again in 1900, I visited this historic ground and was

gratified to find the many new monuments that had been erected, marking the position of various State troops which were engaged in the contest. But the development of fine roads, had necessitated the obliteration of much that was realistic of the old days.

It was especially gratifying to see the fine memorial dedicated on Decoration Day, 1900, by the State of Maryland to her sons, both the "blue" and the "gray." The general inscription reads "*Erected by State of Maryland in memorial of her sons, who gave their lives in defence of their principles.*" This memorial stands opposite Dunkard Church, on the coveted high ridge so many times won and lost by each army, and is first of its character to be erected on Southern soil. All honor to Maryland.

LANDLOCKED SALMON.

“Way down east” as we skirt along the shore of Maine near the jumping-off place, we come to the discharge of the waters of the St. Croix.

This is not a name among the list of mellow or poetic ones, nor is it a stream so beautiful as the Penobscot; and as we ascend the river, leaving behind us the evidence of the fabulous tides of the Bay of Fundy, we may conclude that among the principal uses of the stream, it is a dividing line between two great nations. But we are meeting with the waters that have been gathered by the great receiving basins of the Grand, the Big, the Schoodics and hundreds of smaller lakes and streams unnumbered.

Up this river, seeking these upper waters for a spawning ground, the salmon once swarmed yearly, and through some unknown conditions and influences, became landlocked and remained satisfied with a fresh water home; growing to a size limited by the food supply and conditions unnatural.

I made trips to this interesting and wild country in the two successive years of 1889 and 1890 and enjoyed the sport in the new experiences.

The salmon of four to five pounds each, were taken by trolling on the surface and in most cases a line of three hundred feet was required to accomodate the fish in their mad runs and jumps in the air, during the half hour or more required to kill them. It was, at times, very exhilar-

ating sport, and though they are a fine table variety, yet unwittingly I missed the conditions associated with trout fishing. I also tired of sitting in a birch canoe, for in this section of Maine, and this only, is the birch exclusively used.

On account of the extreme heat one day, I landed and strolled back in the forest to high ground where it was cool. I heard a noise in the dry leaves and brush some distance away and stealthily approached towards it. It was a big noise, but I soon saw it was only one of Hiawatha's companions, a big red squirrel. He was coming towards me on the ground. He soon got so near me that my figure looked strange and unnatural to him and he halted and eyed me curiously, and cut up antics I had never before witnessed in these little creatures. Finally all doubt and suspicion seemed cast aside, for with two or three leaps he landed on my leg above the knee. Then I was sadly lacking in the amiable nature of our ideal Hiawatha, and my shout might have increased his sensation of surprise and terror, for there was then exhibited the most astonishing feats of somersaults, barking and scampering to get under the nearest dead log.

“Up the oak tree close behind him,
Sprang the squirrel, ‘Adjidaumo,’
In and out among the branches.”

—Hiawatha.

THE NORTHWEST.

Itinerary—April 30 to Aug. 22, 1891.

Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, Beloit, Kansas ; Denver, Pocatello, Shoshone, Portland Ore., Willamette Valley, Clackamas river, Tacoma, Seattle, Alaska, The Columbia, Palouse Valley, Spokane, Cœur d'Alenes, St. Jo. River, Montana. Flathead Valley, Helena, Yellowstone Park, Beaver Canyon, Pocatello, The middle west—home.

At this date I had come to realize a broadening of my mind in relation to our own country. Our New England states were all dear to me, through a large circle of good friends and vacation associations. Especially of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, would I claim citizenship and proprietary interest. With the entire South, West, and Middle West, I have enjoyed sufficient contact to generate a feeling of familiarity with the country and a love and fellowship for the people. I no longer looked upon any part of our country as distant. To pack my travelling box and take a ticket for Alaska, was less nerve disturbing than was my first trip to Boston, when a young man. Having heard much of our great Northwest, its Yellowstone Park with its mysteries,—our new Alaska with its wonderful conditions in nature ; I fully realized I had much to see and learn, and with anticipation born of my past experiences, I left home and business to make a tour of these localities.

My trip across the country was quite a duplicate of that of 1887 as far as Denver. From Denver a side trip to

Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak gave me new scenes, and after leaving this city, west, it was all a new and strange country to me. The route of the Oregon Short line, through Cheyenne, Wyo., passing the monument erected to Oaks Ames at Sherman, who has the popular credit of fatherhood to the Union Pacific R. R., Laramie, Pocatello and Shoshone.

The falls of the Shoshone are two hundred and ten feet high and very impressive. Boise City, Baker City, Huntington, and a long steamboat ride down the wonderful Columbia river. Where did all its volume of waters come from? What a country it must drain, to continue such an uninterrupted flow all these years. Now I begin to realize the magnitude of the river system of this country.

I arrived at Portland, Ore., May 22. Oregon has a variety of climate and soil. Some cereals will flourish and produce abundantly in one section, while only fifty miles away they cannot be grown. The early settlers along the lower rivers once had extensive apple orchards, at a date when California would pay thirty dollars a barrel for the fruit.

For agricultural purposes, the valley of the Willamette river is of the most importance and value.

Steamboats ply between Portland and Oregon City, a distance of sixteen miles. Here, at the beautiful Falls of the Willamette, is the head of navigation and a water power of immense value. Here we took the big salmon, and found entertainment watching those fine fish in their efforts to leap the falls. From here I took a team thirty miles up the Clackamas, that wild river. This brought me into the beauties of the Cascade Range and an appropriate name it is for these mountains.

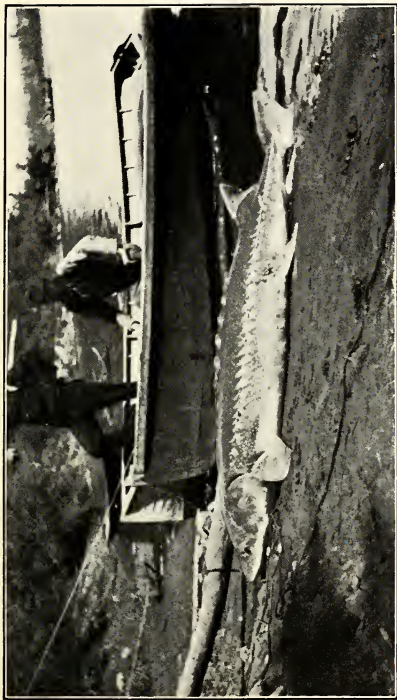
Here the heavy fall of moisture in these high altitudes, and the deep snows of winter, produce innumerable cascades and falls through wild and impassable canyons and chasms, extending over thousands of square miles of space ; making this one of the picturesque sections of our country.

At this one locality the Clackamas runs in the bottom of a deep canyon for nearly thirty miles and can be approached only in two or three places.

One settler near the river, told me he had lived there six years and had never seen it. The trail we took led us down over cliffs and under cliffs for a mile, and I could never have got out alone, nor could I climb out without a rope. Four of us staid there a week. Found some pools full of big salmon, and cascades and falls, in romantic and wonderful surroundings. But as we could get but a limited distance up or down the stream, I soon tired of the sameness of things and broke camp.

Here in Oregon we set lines and took the big sturgeon of the Willamette. A stout line is attached to a strong green sprout on the bank of the river, that will give play like a rod in the hands of a man. The other end of this line is fastened to a heavy anchor and cast across in midstream. Droppers of four feet in length, having hooks baited with half an eel, are suspended from this main line so they will hang near the bottom. When a sturgeon is hooked, he must be allowed to tire himself. If a large one, it will take a couple of days before he can be handled. Our biggest one caught, measured eight feet in length and weighed perhaps two hundred pounds.

This might be called fishing, but truly it is not sport.



THE STURGEON. "MISHE NAHMA."

“On the white sand of the bottom,
Lay the monster, ‘Mishe Nahma,’
Lay the Sturgeon, King of Fishes.”

—Hiawatha.

From Oregon I travelled north to Tacoma, Washington. This was a rare and fascinating country all the way. This gave me strikingly wonderful views of those great mountains, capped with perpetual snow—Mt. Baker and Mt. Hood.

ALASKA.

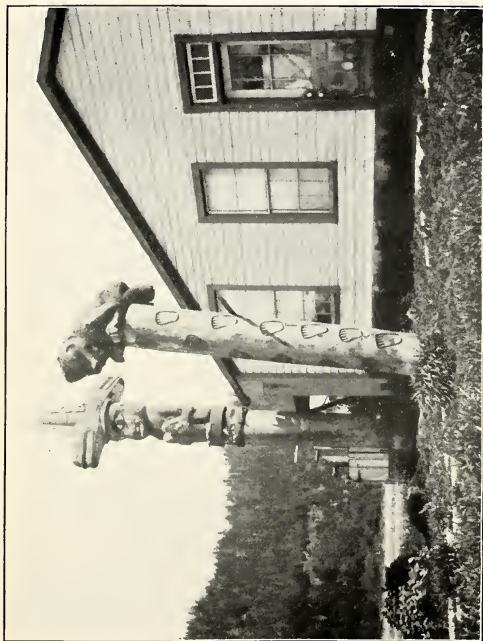
I went on board the Steamship Queen in the harbor of Tacoma, on the evening of June 6, 1891. The Queen is a propeller of the regular ocean build; has accommodations for two hundred people, and her length of four hundred and twenty feet gave ample promenade decks, about which a few turns would give a mile walk for the passengers, at any time of lonesomeness. The cuisine was first-class.

In the lottery of staterooms, I was fortunate, getting a two-berth room with a Tacoma man on the upper deck, where we could see the panorama of the shore at all times as we passed.

Touching Seattle three hours—Port Townsend one hour—and now our family of travelers are all on board. A good jolly party of two hundred, who are soon acquainted as friends, though they came from many states.

There is a monotony of wild scenery about Puget Sound, and up the channel for the first day's travel, broken only by the lofty Olympic range on the west, and a sameness of the dark foliage all the way. The general route lays like a river along the main shore, walled in from the ocean view by constantly occurring islands, so there is immunity from the dreaded seasickness of an ocean voyage.

At no point is there much well defined shore. With the exception of an occasional narrow margin, the rock foothills rise abruptly from the water's edge, covered with a clinging forest growth of small trees, many of which are dead or



THE TOTEMS, WRANGEL, ALASKA.

dying for lack of nourishing soil. This monotony is frequently broken by the many beautiful cascades that burst out among the cliffs with the waters from the higher mountain ranges in the interior, and come tumbling down from various elevations in a fantastic manner.

After stopping at Victoria, B. C., a bright and growing city, no other landing is effected till we reach Fort Wrangle at midday, June 10. Wrangle was once an important town as a trading post with the native tribes, but since other and greater interests have developed at other points now Wrangle is in decay. Still, here the tourist finds the many specimens of the totems and other native conditions.

A few hours after leaving Wrangle, we saw our first glacier—the Patterson. And on June 11, at 5 a. m. we awoke to find ourselves in Taku inlet, and near the foot of the glacier of that name. The Taku pours its volume of ice into the inlet in like manner with the great Muir and is a miniature of it. Here the ship took in a supply of ice, without money and without price. This was to all on board like an introduction into a fairyland. After laying here three hours we are soon in view of, and, landing at Juneau, the principal headquarters for miner's outfitting supplies and near the native trail over the mountains to the Klondike region.

Extending back of Juneau five miles is a road leading to some rich mines, and at this date, 1891, this is the only road and the only place in Alaska, where horses are owned and in service.

We shipped across the bay and examined the great Treadwell gold mine with its stamp mill, the largest ever built—and the noisiest.

Two hours after leaving Juneau, we came in sight of the great Davidson glacier, a dead glacier, that has discharged no icebergs for many years. The terminal moraine is bearing a forest of trees of many years' growth. There are said to be many glaciers of this class in Alaska. All this adds proof of the greater abundance of snowfall, at a period far remote.

Nearly opposite on this Lynn Canal, is the town of Chilcat, a salmon canning town, also noted for the beauty of the blankets manufactured by the natives. This is the most northerly point reached by the excursion steamers, and here about ten p. m., I secured a photo of the sun.

The sun set before eleven o'clock p. m., but all night a twilight is in evidence, and daybreak appears between one and two o'clock a. m.

On the morning of June 13, we awoke to find our ship slowly making its way through the drift ice and floating icebergs up Glacier Bay, and at 8 a. m., we anchor in front of that gem of Alaska and the world.

THE MUIR GLACIER.

We eagerly took to the boats and were landed on the west side of the bay, which is by far the most interesting and instructive. We spent the day examining all surroundings of the shore and adjacent mountains—the moraine deposits—the submerged forest—the wide, deep crevices of the surface of the glacier, and traveled up the glacier several miles. The sky was cloudless, the temperature fine as any June in Massachusetts.

Few people are aware of the high rank taken by Alaska among the wonderful, natural conditions of the world. Its glaciers are as astonishing as they are unique. Nowhere

else in the world have we a combination of conditions that can produce such a glacier as the Muir. At the point of discharge, the estimated thickness of the ice is eight hundred feet. Its length is about a hundred miles, and it is a hydra-headed monster, being fed from all directions. It comes down through the mountains like a great river ; like a river of ice that it is. Its bed, the bottom of a canyon hemmed in by the almost perpendicular walls of high mountains loaded with ice and snow.

Of the Ocean Currents of the world, the Japanese Current is the most prominent in character, and the conditions resulting from its action. It is the basis of the extensive field of Alaskan Glaciers.

This current, emanating from the western coast of the Pacific ocean, around Japan and tropic waters, takes a well-defined course northwest, in line with Alaska ; carrying along above its surface a volume of warm-air current, heavily laden with moisture. Nearly central in its path is the town of Sitka, whose climate is thereby softened to an average with that of Washington, D. C.

The snowfall in each locality is about equal. Sitka has by actual measurement an annual rainfall of about one hundred inches, the precipitation occurring on three hundred days of the 365 a year.

One can stand in the streets of Sitka in a rain storm and witness the same cloud, frozen to snow and sleet immediately it reaches the nearby high elevations, which border the interior. Thus we must estimate an annual snowfall of approximately seventy-five feet on the mountains.

For ten months of the year these mountains are receiving this mantle of snow, and for the next two months that snow

is receiving the rain and warmth of midsummer, and day after day, the avalanche echoes through the mountains, as the great areas of softened snow shoot down into the canyons with a force that transforms it into solid ice ; adding its bulk and weight to that already there, pressing downward and forward until it reaches the sea level at Glacier Bay, where it is forced through a gateway between two mountains of solid rock, only one mile apart. In discharging through this narrow space—though the ice is eight hundred feet thick—it is crushed and broken into comparatively small icebergs.

Not alone is this true of the Muir. This section of hundreds of square miles of volcanic elevation in Alaska, which lays in the path of that phenomenon—the Japanese Current—is receiving yearly this same great downpour of moisture, and glaciers are formed everywhere in the mountains ; some to seek the sea like the Muir ; others to fill and remain melting in the valleys at unknown depths.

Though the glaciers fascinated me most, yet there is more to be learned of this seat of intense and constant volcanic activity. We have recently become aware of the fact that Alaska contains the grandest theatre of volcanic agitation in the world. Seventy-five volcanoes on the mainland are well known and about twenty-five on the islands, some of which seemingly quiet for a hundred years have again broken out in the last decade. The island and volcano of Bogoslov arose from the ocean in a single night, a powerful volcano, while at the same hours, another island a few miles away sank out of sight. This was witnessed by a Russian trader who was stationed on the island of Urnak.

I arrived at Sitka, June 14. Through a mutual friend



TOURISTS ON TOP THE MUR GLACIER.

it was my good fortune to be armed with a letter of introduction to Lient. Schwatka of the U. S. survey stationed here, and through it I also came in acquaintance with Prof. and Mrs. Hayden of the U. S. service. The courtesies shown me by these good people while in Sitka, was not only socially gratifying, but was also the source of much information not easily obtained by an excursionist. An evening visit at Mr. Grady's private house, where I feasted my eyes on the finest collection of native curios of the Alaskans in existence; genuine articles once in daily use hundreds of years ago by the "Shaman" and the "Siwash." Here we could read the past history of this peculiar race, who differ so widely from any other on this continent, in their ideas of the Yaka or Deity. Here I learned of the Shaman, about whom a cloud of mystery and superstition forever rests in the mind of the native. Here I saw specimens of his hideous headgear, waistbands and moccasins, all garnished with strange bones, scalps and masks, as he arrays himself when he called to visit the sick. Physical sickness is understood by them, not a disease, but a visitation of an evil spirit, and must be annihilated.

Their habits of superstition and witchcraft have prevailed to such an alarming extent in the past, that there has been no increase in their population.

Their definition of the totem is not of a religious, but of a historical character, like the paintings on the robes of the native of our prairies.

Here stood the Baronoff Castle, the residence of the former Russian governors, slowly falling to decay, from the roof of which I took a fine birdseye view of the town; and here also of picturesque appearance is the old Greek Church

in which we had the novel privilege of witnessing the marriage of a Russian and an Aleut native.

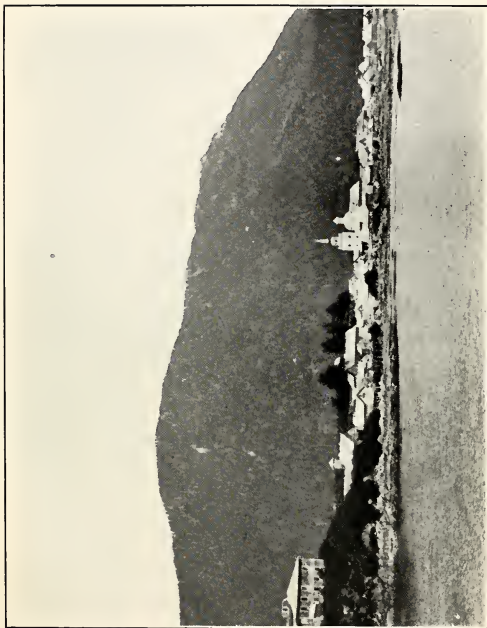
Here, too, we visited the schools where the natives are being taught the English language and English customs.

The signal whistle for "all on board" ended our exploration and commenced our return homeward.

Passing through Peril Straits, our pilot made a little mistake and we found our big ship resting easily on a sand bar—with an ebb tide.

Being assured safety, and that we could not proceed till 8 p. m., many passengers landed and had the freedom of a long narrow beach. I was delighted. I picked up many curious things in this wild place. I climbed up the steep sides of the mountain in the dry bed of a stream; through and under fallen trees and scrub. A mile up I came to a plateau of meadow and marsh and a pond of water. Back of these arose again the perpendicular face of the mountain. I was alone. I wandered about this opening for hours, gathering my hands full of lovely flowers—with no names—and chased the wild geese from their secluded home.

I failed in my attempt to return to the ship by some other route. The forest growth here, like all the coast, being very scrubby, with a tangled mass of small growth and fallen dead wood; under, through and over all that a carpet of moss a foot thick, everywhere, even covering the trunks of standing trees, giving the forest interior a weird appearance. Once again returned to the shore I was hailed with delight and surprise at the sight of my floral display, and the ladies and gentlemen who enthusiastically started for my late field of discovery, soon returned in dismay at the prospect, and accepted a distribution of my flowers.



SITKA, ALASKA,
Baronoff Castle on left.

Once again afloat towards the states. The intermittent sunshine and showers nearly all day entertained the passengers with the grandest display of rainbows I ever saw. Their brilliancy was something I never before witnessed and in numbers I am certain there was more than I ever saw before in all my life.

Our stop at Nanimo was for coal, the deposits of which are here of great extent and the only first-class coal yet discovered on this coast.

Touching Victoria, passengers are landed who desire, and the others continue on to Tacoma.

WASHINGTON.

From Tacoma, I returned to Oregon. Left Portland, July 1, on Steamer Lurline, down the Willamette an hour, then up the Columbia. Up river, the first interesting things are Rooster Rock and Castle Rock. Both are immense solid columns, rising high above the flat meadow of the river bottom. Cape Horn is a perpendicular wall of rock forming the bank of the river for the distance of over a mile, the steamer safely passing closely to it.

As we near the Cascades, where we were to disembark and take a train, a notice of a burned bridge ahead forbids the program, so the steamer returns us to Portland. There we took the train for Hood River, where at 3 a. m., we were transferred in "bull carts" to a steamer that took us to The Dalles, then train to Pendleton, Starbuck, the Palouse Valley to Spokane.

This Palouse Valley is a valuable wheat growing country, which with the Great Bend country, also given to wheat, are the two principal areas of agricultural development in the state of Washington.

Spokane at this date is a hothouse plant, most of the inhabitants, after laying out the streets, over a radius of ten miles, seem waiting for it to grow, but the water power of Spokane Falls is the nucleus around which many more industries are certain to establish and become permanent in the future.

IDAHO.

A side trip to Cœur d'Alene by rail, a team to Hayden Lake brought me to the forest camp of Ferdinand J. Philipp. Philipp was a Prussian by birth, and proved to be every inch a square man. I was fortunate to get his companionship, which I enjoyed. He was highly educated, and spoke seven languages fluently. He wrote an engraver's hand in style and in speaking or writing he expressed himself like a diplomat. He abhors society; had served ten years in our regular army, from which he was recently honorably discharged as Quartermaster-Sergeant. Such a man with his partner "Bill," a good cook, were my camp companions for two weeks.

This part of Idaho is quite mountainous and in the district of valuable mines.

Hayden Lake seven miles long, though very narrow, had once been a chosen spot for the Indians to make their autumn deer drive for their winter's supply of meat. Hundreds of natives form a crescent on the hills, to gradually close in and force the enclosed deer into the water. From the opposite shore, in canoes, other Indians dart out and kill the deer with knife or club, tow him to the shore where the skinning and dressing is going on by the squaws. The meat cut in strips—laid out on improvised racks of poles—will not rot in the climate of these high altitudes, but quickly dry for future use. Three hundred and fifty

deer have been killed in this way by one camp of Indians in a few weeks time.

I visited the mines on the Cœur d'Alene river and the new towns of Wallace and Burke, then we went up the St. Jo. river, which also empties into the Cœur d'Alene Lake. Leaving the steamboat at Farrel's hay farm and head of navigation, we put our camp outfit into a thirty-foot canoe and poled up the rapid water for several miles. The wide meadow of the lower river had here narrowed into a canyon.

The hills were wooded on the northerly slopes, but almost treeless on the south. It is a beautiful country and I look back upon the upper St. Jo. as the most fascinating and lovely stream on which I ever cast a fly. Its pure, clear waters flowing over a rocky, pebbly bed, varying in width from a hundred to two hundred feet, intersected with deep pools, make an ideal spawning ground and home for the lovely rainbow trout that are found here. This rainbow trout is as fine on the table as his eastern cousin, as handsome in its outline form and a worthy competitor as to beautiful coloring. The Artist Creator gave rich tints to the back, then as if in haste dipped his brush in red and gold and dashed a wide stripe along both the sides from gill cover to caudal fin. On the St. Jo, he is a beauty!

I have that river associated with one of the "star performances" of my experiences with the rod.

Striking a fine fellow, who took out considerable line, I soon realized a fresh attack and discovered another trout on the second fly. And soon as the mad rushes had again become partially subdued, still another reinforcement arrived and was hooked on the third fly. Now I gave thanks there were no more flies on the leader.

The first two trout encouraged by the activity of the third, renewed their efforts to free themselves and it called out all my skill and strength to give and take the slack, till finally I had them along side and soon all three in the net. An angler knows how difficult the feat, and also how handsome the sight. One of three and a quarter, two of a pound each, on one cast.

This was also a deer and bear country, we got all the deer needed for camp use ; but though we tried hard for a bear, saw signs at all points and saw several bears in the distance, yet they were more cunning and elusive than the deer.

We camped on the St. Joe two weeks, and the experiences are memorable ones.

Cœur d'Alene is a mining centre ; though one sees in a short stay here but little of the possibilities of such a town. Stopping at the hotel on my way in and again out, I got to feel acquainted with the landlord.

He was a man of splendid physique, tall and muscular, weighing two hundred pounds, was very quiet and modest in demeanor. Philipp wished me to see Mr. Bancroft's police club, "the peacemaker" he called it, and pulled it from behind "the bar." It was a round oak sapling, three feet six inches long—just big enough to grasp—and showed marks of service. Philipp has seen him when the boys got "too full" and began to shoot, walk the floor with it in his most persuasive style and bring order out of chaos.

MONTANA.

Moving east on the Northern Pacific, my next stop was Ravalli, Montana. This town is on the Flathead Indian reservation, and is of course owned and run by that tribe, of which some half-breeds are capable men. The Allard brothers, world-known as the owners of a herd of wild buffalo, run a stage from this point to the foot of Flathead Lake, about thirty-five miles, a gem of a prairie all the distance. On the stage I passed through several native villages and saw many strange things.

Arrived at the lake, I took steamer for Demarsville, at the head, a thirty-five mile sail.

Three miles north by wagon I came to Kalispel. A new town, three months old, yet was already endowed with a good hotel, a bank, and one nice cottage house. The rest of the settlement comprised the original board shanties.

This town was laid out by the Great Northern R. R., which was then camped at this point, building west.

This valley is no doubt one of the finest and richest for agriculture in the state and has an immediate future in growth and wealth in prospect.

NATIONAL PARK.

Livingston, Montana, Aug 5. I was up this morning at an early hour preparatory for an early start for the Park. An incident occurred which goes to prove that "the unexpected does sometimes happen."

I asked the morning clerk of the hotel for a dark room in which I could transfer my exposed film for a fresh one in my camera. He kindly gave me a key to the housekeeper's linen closet.

Entering, I locked the door on the inside and commenced operations by lighting my colored lantern.

Had removed the roll from the holder and opened the fresh film. As I commenced the adjustment of the same, a key was inserted on the outside of the door, and my key dropped to the floor. Of course I sprang to the door to prevent the admission of the light on my work. It was the housekeeper!

Through the crack of the door I started an explanation—she heard nothing—but saw a man's face. She had no doubt been looking for a man—under the bed—everywhere—anywhere except in her linen closet where no man dared to step—I was a burglar! And she insanely gave the alarm. No fireman's call was ever responded to with greater alacrity. I could hear the babel of voices—what is it? Where is he? Shoot him!—but the clerk afterwards told me there was a grand exhibition of suddenly awakened ladies and gentlemen in the corridors, it was not

my privilege to see. I locked and held the door and ignored the besieging party till at last the only friend I had in the house, the clerk, relieved me.

In the attempt to briefly delineate or make comment on a trip through Yellowstone Park, I fully realize a sense of inability. Of the Upper Geyser Basin, the greatest centre of activity, it may be said; here is a canyon three miles long and a mile and one-half wide, filled with "the formation" on which stand some twenty active geysers. The Castle, Giant, Giantess, Grotto, Beehive, Old Faithful and Oblong and others, making a bewildering and interesting locality.

The wonderful and seemingly mysterious eruptions of these geysers can be enumerated in figures as to the number of feet the water is elevated by each one; the number of minutes duration and the periodical occurrence of their eruptions.

These facts have been arrived at and published to the world. We know that one geyser gives you that exhibition every hour as true as the clock, seventy-five feet high and lasting ten minutes—Old Faithful. While nearby another joins in the display, exactly every six hours; two hundred feet high and ten minutes duration of the deluge—the Beehive. While yet another as near, rests quietly just six days and always gives notice some twenty-four hours before the deluge takes place—The Giant. When we know that of the three thousand springs and geysers in the Park, no two, though they may be close neighbors, are of the same habits, temperature nor characteristics; then we come to enquire what are the conditions and power underlying all this surprising condition in nature?



THE BEEHIVE GEYSER IN ACTION.

When one comes to a forest of standing trees of various sizes and heights and find the trunks and limbs have become petrified and are solid stone showing the grain and growth of the natural wood ; then must we ask, what agency in Nature could produce such a result ?

When we climb a mountain and stand under great overhanging cliffs of beautiful opaque glass, we breathe the question, what Workman has been here ?

To read in a book of a canyon ten miles long and from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet deep, would excite but slight emotion in the mind of the average traveller, but let him stand on the brink of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and gaze on the evidences of internal heat that once burned these crumbling walls to ashes ; note the extended seams or layers of brick red—others of pink—others of grey—and various dark colors—here the white of the lime—there the yellow of pure sulphur—and below, with the confusion of falling and crushing, a mixture of all shades and colors is the result.

No less interesting are the beautiful formations of the Mammoth Hot Springs ; the result of overflow and evaporation of those heavily impregnated waters.

These, with their rich shades of color like the Grand Canyon, are indeed beyond the skill of an artist.

These accumulations, the lower section of which are now dried up, fill a valley or canyon for a length of three miles ; at the terraces, being perhaps two hundred feet deep. Evidences are also here seen to prove that these springs were once powerful geysers.

Minor objects of interest are the Grand Falls of the Yellowstone, the Golden Gate, the Towers and the Tower

Falls, Gardiner Canyon, Virginia Cascade and Devil's Toboggan Slide.

While at the lower geyser basin I heard extravagant remarks about "The Firehole ;" that it lay a mile or two back in the foothills ; that a trail led to it from near the hotel. I had the afternoon before me and found a trail that impressed me ; soon there were two and three to choose from. I took choice and tramped ambitiously until I came out of the forest into an open plateau. Mountains were before me, geysers and pools about me, and in the distance the Big Fountain Geyser was in violent action. All this sight was ample to repay for my tramp, but of the Firehole I was ignorant. Turning towards home I met a tourist and guide who were on my mission. The guide examined a shallow pool near me and we discovered in several places at the bottom where gas was escaping in steady jets up into the water, displacing the water, thereby giving that particular spot a flame-shaped white looking space like air bubbles. It should be easily understood in this land of gases, but my tourist friend ; perhaps so imbued with the unnatural character of all the Park conditions, frantically called out, "That's fire, sir!" "That's fire, sir!" His guide winking at me said : "Well it looks like it, don't it?" "Yes, sir ! it is fire !" "Now I have found out what makes all this water hot!" And later I overheard him telling friends of his discovery and would "show them tomorrow."

The big game, buffalo, elk and antelope, have always found shelter, food and drink the year around, in and about the mountains and canyons of the Park, and today we find deep, trodden paths or trails all over this country where especially in spring and fall, they have crossed from one

point where there was food, to another for drink, and to the shelter of the forest. In my long strolls I kept these trails and on one occasion I experienced a sense of lonesomeness. I had followed up the canyon of Tower Creek, which was grown thick with vines and brush, to the Falls, to get a picture from below. And on returning out I followed my own lately made tracks along a sandy space by the creek. Imagine my consternation at seeing stamped in the centre of my footprints, the big round tracks of a mountain lion, who, as it is their habit, was then following me. Years ago I had studied up the character of that animal to some extent and accepted the available evidence and classed him as "comparatively harmless," as it was said "he never attacks man unless pressed by great hunger." Now with the animal at a distance that looks easy and nice, but I was seven miles from camp—alone in a thick jungle—and no doubt his eyes were then on me. I instantly recalled what had been said in the beast's favor, but with it came the conviction that he *might be very hungry!*

At other times I met badgers, foxes, etc., and a skunk—the rascal! he stood in the trail and laughed to see me climb and fall over logs to get past him!

HOMeward.

August 17. Arrived at Butte, Montana, that world-renowned mining camp of 25,000 inhabitants. From this point the Utah, Nor. R. R. takes us south to Pocatello.

En route I had a view of these grand mountains, the Three Tetons. From Pocatello east, I am on the homeward line. These names and villages I saw four months ago and now seem familiar.

Nebraska is now clothed with her mantle of corn. We travel hour after hour—forty miles an hour—corn on the right and corn on the left!

August 21. Chicago, Michigan and New York state all growing crops abundant. What a wonderful country is ours! At last I feel we have crossed the line and I can see the soil of Massachusetts.

As the train winds along through the Berkshire hills and crosses the grand old Connecticut river, I reflect that we have the beautiful in nature and happy conditions in life everywhere; in the far West and we have it in the East.

This was a travel of long duration and long distances. My eyes had feasted on so many new and strange conditions that I came home with a sense of fullness and longed for an opportunity to digest that which I had acquired.

MESA CITY, ARIZONA.

In Jan. 1887, on a southern trip, I left the S. P. R. R. at Maricopa. This is a no-rain country. Forty-five miles due north, by wagon, brought me to Mesa City, which is a thriving town. Here a system of irrigating canals have been constructed, good crops are raised, good dwellings built, most of which are built of adobe brick, except the roof of lumber, while newer towns of emigrants build temporary tents of upright posts and the spaces hung with gunnysack cloth. The weather here is never cold and it never rains.

The Mesa plain or prairie is an elevated plateau of twenty miles diameter, the name Mesa meaning bench in the Spanish language. This prairie is covered with a thick growth of chapparel and mosquito wood, long since dead and still standing. This proving conclusively that part of the country was not the desert it is today, but that many years ago sufficient rains fell during some consecutive years, to cause a luxurious growth to spring up. At the present time this dry wood serves as firewood for all comers, and a shelter for the wolves and coyotes which met me at every opening.

Like all improved parts of Arizona, this agricultural town is fed through canals with water taken from the Salt River, and here I saw where had been discovered and utilized an old canal built very many years ago. Whether Aztec or some other people surely history and legend leaves us much in doubt.

Also near here I saw a village of the ancient "Mound-builders." Ruins of immense structures; large buildings four hundred feet long, surrounded by many small houses, all enclosed by one great circular wall. All these had been constructed with adobe brick and the ruins were distinguishable at a great distance on the prairie.

These mounds found at various points in that country have since been excavated, and many interesting relics discovered of that numerous people. Also, in the mountains the "cliff-dwellers" made their homes, evidently with the idea of defence from the attack of wandering tribes.

LURAY CAVERNS.

The Luray Caverns in Virginia are one of Nature's most important records. They establish beyond question the phenomenal great age of this continent.

Many thousands of years must have been necessary for their development. Here we see an excavation made by the agency of water carrying the fine soil from under extensive tables of rock out into some lower level, thus forming empty spaces or rooms. Then follows the process of slow trickling of water heavily impregnated with lime, down through this upper strata into these rooms. Evaporation takes place and thus carries on the formation of strange forms of stalactite and stalagmite. In these dark and damp chambers the process of growth must necessarily have been very slow. Though less extensive than some other caverns, these beautiful formations of lime surpass any others known to the world.

It has been my pleasure to have explored this wonderful cavern on two occasions. The first time was only a few years after its discovery. We groped our way behind the dim light of a candle in a tin reflector held in the hand. Then again in 1900 when we found the equipment of wires of modern electrical invention, stretched through every room and corridor, brightly lighting up every space and in a measure causing one to forget for the moment, that the extensive exhibition around us was indeed down in the bowels of the earth.

I found that it was more impressive and fascinating to creep and crawl, gazing into the surrounding darkness, and as each display was approached, one has the delightful sensation of original discovery, and impresses on the mind the fact that the work we are inspecting—built in the *stillness* of *darkness*—is a construction that could not have been executed by the hand and ingenuity of man !

JAMAICA.

Having once suffered the sensations attendant on seasickness for a period of forty-eight consecutive hours, I may be pardoned in claiming lots of personal courage when in March 1899, I closed a ticket contract to take with me my wife and little boy of six years on a trip to Jamaica, West Indies. That the trip involved five long days on the ship and no "stop-over" I was well aware, and in the almost certainty of rough water at that time of year I was not deceived. I expected seasickness for my individual portion and hoped my wife and little boy who laughed at my words of forewarning, would not only escape, but would be able to comfort and assist me in my dire necessity.

Of Jamaica we had heard much that prompted us to the step, not only as a health resort, but as the home of abundant fruits and flowers and of strange sights and sounds. We decided we must see it and hence our inquiry—what is the best way to get there?

Thursday noon, March 16, found us on board the Boston Fruit Co. Steamer Beverly, waving adieu to friends on the wharf as the steamer left her moorings and slowly proceeded down the harbor.

Although this steamer was entirely seaworthy and a good captain and crew, yet her build and size was not what we had hoped for, but as it proved later, what we had lacked in these points was more than made good by the elements, for during the entire five days occupied on the passage, we had

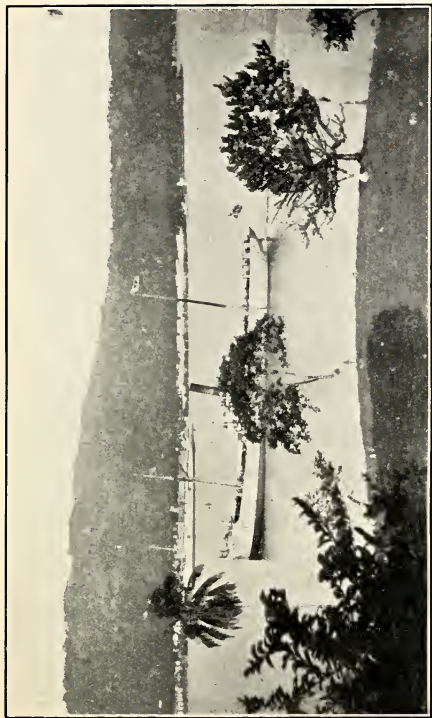
clear skies and favorable winds, so the captain could truthfully say it was one of his smoothest trips over that line.

Of the seasickness I need say but little. Of course we were all—just a little—at times, but altogether it had the result of making sailors of us all. And most unexpectedly of me who had been such a prejudiced “land-lubber” for twenty-five years past.

Our second and third days were uneventful. The dreariness of the ocean was around us, a few of Cary chickens and many flying fish—which we had cooked for our breakfast—took up much of our time in watching. The fourth day we passed Wallings Island on the west. Much interest centers in this island as the supposed first land discovered by Columbus.

At 9 a. m., we ran close to Crooked Island with its lovely lighthouse on a narrow head-land called Birdrock. All this up-to-date and civilized appearance had a strangely comforting and assuring influence over us. All these islands with Castle Island and lighthouse a few miles further south, are of coral formation, and this is our first sight of the beautiful coloring of the shoal waters which cover the coral reefs among all the West Indies. At a period following the Revolutionary war there were some very productive cotton plantations on these islands, but little industry now remains except the raising of cocoanuts. Continuing on we see in early evening the glimmering light from Cape Maisi, the eastern point of Cuba, and turn in feeling that our journey is nearing the end.

On coming on deck the next morning we look for land. It is fair and clear around us; we look far to the east and to the west, and towards the south great clouds seem to be



HARBOR, PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA.
From Titchfield Hotel.

banked one above the other, and among them we discover what looks like a mountain. On recourse to the captain we are told, "that is Jamaica." And now we recall,—history tells us that on his second trip of exploration that great discoverer, Columbus, after sailing about Cuba sailed in a southerly direction, and on the 3rd day of May, 1494, he saw "the blue summit of a vast and lofty island which began to rise like clouds above the horizon," and on his approach he thought it the most beautiful country he had ever seen.

It was fascinating in the extreme, to hark back and think, that four hundred years ago the eyes of civilized man first fell on that land, when standing on the deck of his ship near where we were then standing. We steamed rapidly across a smooth sea and as we approach nearer, our minds are centered on what is before us. In answer to our whistle, a pilot puts out from the harbor in a quaint little tug, approaches us, is taken on board. We swing in behind an island and find we are at last in the harbor of Port Antonio on the northeastern part of the island.

This approach of Jamaica is very impressive. Like most of the coast line, it rises abruptly from the water into elevated foothills clothed everywhere with the dense foliage of the tropical gardens, showing no barren slopes or cliffs from the water's edge to the summit of the lofty Blue Mountain, which is 7575 feet above the sea level.

Landing at Port Antonio at midday; securing good accommodations at Titchfield Hotel, meeting everywhere an English speaking people, both colored and white, we at once feel quite at home. Before examining this country further, we should briefly recall some geographical and

historical facts which are so easily overlooked or forgotten by us.

This island is about one hundred and fifty miles long east and west and fifty miles across in the widest part or center ; was discovered in May, 1494. Was visited by Columbus on his fourth and last voyage in 1502, where he ran his leaky ships ashore and lay in Dry Harbor for about a year, abandoned by his ungrateful country and believed by his mutinous crew to be in exile. And though his dangerous and pathetic situation was well known, those who should have been his friends did not relieve him until 1504. Small wonder that he was now broken down in health and spirit and had but two years more of life, dying at the age of seventy years without knowing he was himself the discoverer of a vast continent.

In 1507, Diego Columbus, son of Christopher, sent the first Governor with a colony to settle and take possession of the island ; Spain holding control 150 years until the capture by the English in 1655. Then came to Jamaica in the next forty years, a period of fabulous wealth and wickedness. Port Royal on the south being the headquarters of that scourge of the high seas, the home of pirates, buccaneers and privateers. To the beautiful harbor of Port Royal such men as Morgan and Bartholomew brought their captured booty of jewels and gold and silks taken from the rich merchant men.

The story of the ending of this condition of wealth and crime is perhaps only paralleled by the destruction of the city of Pompeii.

About midday of a lovely day in June, 1692, a remarkable earthquake occurred. All over the island the mountains

were shaken to pieces. It was almost instantaneous and during the three or four minutes it continued, the entire city of Port Royal dropped suddenly several fathoms under water, with all the lives it contained. At the present day with a bright sun and still water, many ruins of the city can yet be seen. The destruction of life was horrible all over the island and few people of that period of superstition could but consider it "the Lord's punishment."

Slowly recovering from that great calamity and though afterwards visited with hurricanes and a disastrous fire, the great plantations continued to be productive, the population had increased, and towards the close of the next century it had built up the large city of Kingston, near the site of Port Royal and had become the great emporium for the immense slave trade carried on by England. History tells us that during the 18th century, six hundred thousand slaves were landed for service on this little island. A permanent and interesting monument which stands as a memorial to the great labor once performed by the slaves whose lives were sacrificed here, is the continuous lines of beautiful stone wall which enclose the highways and separate the plantations of wealthy owners. These walls were built six to eight feet high and four or five feet thick, of small stone, evenly and nicely laid with a layer of mortar on the top, and as there are no frosts in this country they still stand as when completed.

This year of 1899, entering Jamaica we find many evidences of its past importance. On every hand we find vast plantations grown up with wild shrubbery, where once was seen a wide expanse of thrifty sugar cane. Many of these acres have been redeemed by the Boston Fruit Co.,

and are now producing thousands of bunches of bananas. Ranges of the picturesque cocoanut tree, from six to ten miles in extent, are doing their share towards the support of the population. And of this tree it might be said: it is to the native inhabitant of a tropical country, all, and more than was once the buffalo to the native Indian of our own country, inasmuch as it not only furnishes him with food and shelter, but also of drink, with the added advantage of being always with him. And he shows his appreciation of his natural inheritance by lounging in the shade and working only when necessity compels. Indeed, so far is this characteristic prevalent, that no industry can be pursued without the employment of contract labor from the East Indies, for the Coolie is industrious.

Large coffee and pimento plantations are found in the central and more elevated sections of the island, the soil and climate being better adapted to such crops, and oranges, though cultivated to large extent, are found growing wild—so it is also of lemons and limes. Besides all these, which are valuable articles of export, we find growing in wild profusion an endless and bewildering variety of vegetables and fruit which are too delicate for export. All of which goes toward the support of the indolent native.

Astonished and exultant at the sight of this natural supply of foods and protection from the sun's rays, one turns in dismay and disappointment to ask—where are the birds which the Creator must have placed in this happy home? Go ask the sneaking Mongoose!—you will see him glide stealthily across your path, quickly hiding again in the safe cover of a wall or brush heap, ever on the alert for the eggs or young of the birds. He is a squirrel-coated, mink-

legged, weasel-faced little mongrel. The Creator never put him in such a land as this ! He was brought here for other and commendable business ; to exterminate the snakes and rats that did once abound ; he found something he liked better, and the beautiful birds of a Garden of Eden have been exterminated.

Is the legend of the Garden of Eden a myth ? We may have thought so ; but here we have come face to face with all the natural conditions necessary for the maintenance of human life and comfort on earth. Here is food on every hand growing spontaneously year after year, and abundant material for shelter by day or night from all the varying whims of the climate ; and on entering a Coolie village we found the parallel to our Eden extended still further—so far that the question of the “ Fall of Adam ” might well be opened anew—for indeed here were God’s human creatures who were in *apparent doubt as to the necessity of the traditional figleaf!*

Of the interesting things in Nature on the island, the Blue Mountain stands first. Standing on the deck of a steamer and gazing up into its summit 7575 feet above, we learn to appreciate such an elevation, it being so much more imposing than views of a mountain surrounded by foot hills in the interior of a country.

“ St. Thomas in the Vale,” a sea of clouds situated in north central Jamaica with the town of Ewer-ton, is a valley encircled by high hills with Mt. Diabolo on the north. The view of this valley from the summit of Mt. Diabolo is one of great interest. Especially from daybreak to 9 or 10 a. m., at which time the entire valley is filled with banks and waves of beautiful, white, fleecy clouds. *Every morning*

they are *invariably there* settled on the lowlands, and are dissipated only after the rays of the sun become quite direct and the trade winds lift and disperse them.

The ride from Ewerton to the north shore was one long to be remembered. The road was like macadam. It leads in a winding course up the sides of Mt. Diabolo to the summit; then in passing down the northern slope it follows a spiral, zigzag, snaky course through a rugged, broken forest and open land of the foothills.

That night there was a full moon of great brilliancy; lighting up all open spaces and making somber and grotesque shadows behind every bush, boulder, cliff and pinnacle, shadows long or short on every hand.

The mules were in good mettle and had no fear of the down grade and their hoofs beat a tattoo on the solid road. Our carriage was in the middle of a bunch of eight to leave the railroad. Each carriage carried a lantern. We quietly and socially reached the summit. And then as we raced down that winding, whirling road for more than an hour, we could see those lanterns in all directions below us—on the right hand—on the left, and above us. Here, appearing to sight suddenly from dark shadows—swinging in the open—dodging behind a thicket—there, dodging behind a cliff—behind a boulder as suddenly as if “snuffed out”—and all the time, *that big moon* was steadily lighting the entire surroundings and valley far below—why! we began to feel the mountain-side was in possession of Sprites and Fairies! It was the most spectacular evening ride in which I was ever a participant.

Fern Valley is a narrow canyon or gorge cutting through a mountain chain, through which a wagon road has been

constructed to the north shore. Nature, in her profusion of moisture has grown a covering of the ragged perpendicular walls of rock with the greatest imaginable variety of ferns.

Trees grow on all possible points, then under, against and over the rocks are miles of ferns. This road strikes the shore at Ocho Rios, whose harbor like many others is a picture. Far out to sea the coral reefs light up through the shallow waters of the bay, giving long bands and areas of colors, scarcely surpassed by the rainbow. In such a harbor near here did Columbus first drop anchor, what wonder that he thought it a beautiful country! Near here empties the most picturesque of all the rivers of the island, "Roaring River." Roaring River Falls a mile distant, from the mouth of the river and the main road, is more properly a cascade or series of them, of dashing, roaring and foaming water over the face of a cliff a hundred-fifty feet high and a hundred-seventy-five feet wide. The entire face of the cliff being also strangely and artistically dotted across with trees, vines and beautiful flowering shrubs, clinging in the rocks beneath the shallow water, all making the subject of a beautiful picture.

In addition to the variety of growth of air plants and hanging vines in the forest, the flowering season of the trees has its own special and pleasing attraction. The subsequent fruiting and seed formation of some, produces a unique effect. Here I assume to have discovered for myself the origin of the name of a big hotel in Florida, the Poincenna. The tree Poincenna of Jamaica grows large and widespreading like our chestnut, and in March from its leafless branches hangs thousands of immense flat pods, each twenty inches long and two inches wide. Each pod contains

about a hundred seeds an inch long, ingeniously packed in a layer, lying crosswise the pod. Thousands of rooms in a hotel and a hundred guests in a room! Fortunate landlord if having so many patrons stowed away so economically and peacefully.

We find still another curiosity of great interest in the Lacebark tree, the inner bark of which grows in layers like finely woven lace which is easily peeled off and manufactured into curios of many forms of surprising beauty.

There are but few varieties of deciduous trees, consequently we have that fresh, green, and dense covering of foliage continuous throughout the year. Words fail to convey an idea of the beauty of the tropical foliage so strange and different from that of our temperate zone.

With all these fascinating surroundings in a climate that allows no sense of chill to linger on the skin, who would not spend a winter here?

Another picture! Who would not dine at Bog Walk, served by barefooted natives in an ancient and peculiarly constructed house with its nooks and crannies—with the pigs and hens to pick up the crumbs from the floor? Though of all the appointments, *the dinner* will be the most astonishing thing.

Who would not stop over at a first-class native hotel at Mandeville and sleep on furniture that gives you dreams of the native Carib of the island of four hundred years ago, or of the more modern Spanish inquisition. Enjoy the cloud of bugs and winged things that contest your movements at the table—creeping things too—though in well regulated families I saw, they set the dining table legs in saucers of water to insure the serving of the guests before the vermin got there?

In Massachusetts, a lady refuses a cup of tea in which an unfortunate fly has come to an untimely end, but forty-eight hours residence in Jamaica educates her to deftly skim the unlucky of the myriad of flying insects from her consomme with her only spoon never once disturbing her dinner nor the thread of conversation. Or what would seem still more incredible, look with quiet composure on the expulsion of a big rat from her chamber at bed time in Moneague Hotel.

Be sure these entertaining divertisements will happen. Be sure the donkeys will bray all night, their only time for recreation. The roosters will crow during moonlit nights and the dogs bark to join the chorus. The fleas will bite at all times and places ; and don't forget the ticks are to be reckoned with every day to see they do not burrow under your skin when you are busy.

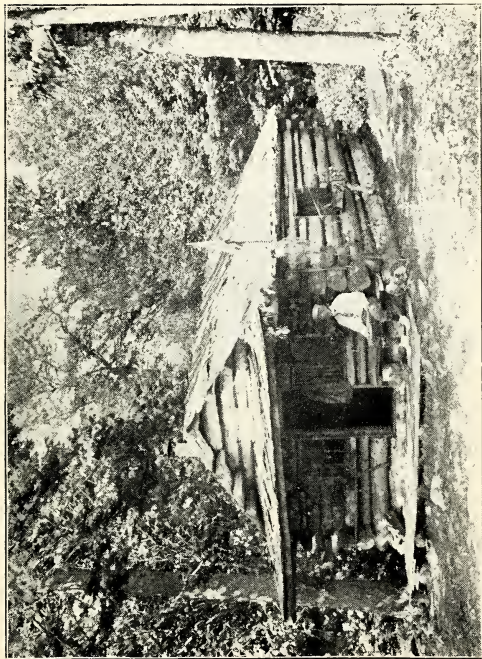
But take courage in the assurance that when you return to the Titchfield Hotel you will get good Yankee square meals from produce shipped from Boston.

ROUND MT. LAKE CAMP.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

I have before this written you of the charms of Round Mt. Lake ; of the happy conditions that attend it, the brook trout, the comfortable cabins overlooking the lake and the view of the chain of mountains on the opposite shore, claiming it to be the El Dorado of the Maine forest. The devotees of the flyrod find the greatest degree of pleasure during the month of June, in which month I have visited the lake for the past twenty-five years. Not until this year have I seen this locality in September, that month of active work in the studio of the Artist Creator.

The autumn tinting on the slopes of the chain of mountains can be compassed with one long gaze with a swing of the eyes from north to south and far surpasses my anticipations or any view I have ever before seen. It is like a grand canvas stretched before you ; bordered at the foot by the little lake, while the upper edge reaches to clear blue sky for a background. I saw it at its *very best* in the *bright red flame of the maples* ! Bordering the lake and up the canyons the bands of the dark green of the spruce prevailed ; on the lower slopes the various shades of color of the maples, birches and oak blended and predominated over the green, while the next higher altitude gives an even mixture of colors like a big checkerboard, while again all the peaks are capped with dark green of the



ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE CAMP.
"Ye who love the haunts of Nature."

spruce. The setting and grouping was fascinating and inspiring. To view and study the surface of the earth as the Creator has designed and painted it in this one locality, the days were too short and too few. For here too, we find all primitive conditions and many wild creatures, not alone the trout and salmon of the waters, but the feathered beauty—the ruffed grouse—here so void of fear, slowly escapes from your path into the thicket, and the graceful deer leaps from his hiding to stop and gaze in wonder at the intrusion. The beaver, once nearly extinct, have had a house on our lake for many years and are our old friends. Their house built of peeled sticks and clay is an object of great interest. It is situated on the edge of the shore, is five feet high by twenty broad at the water line, extending under water much out into the lake, the only entrance being under water ; while the solid cone-top does not leak and is fitted with a dry nest for the young. The darling little things! How I desired to see them. How often I sat in my canoe in front of the house at dusk, fly casting—the while hearing the babies in the house crying a wee little squeal of impatience at the delay of their supper, and the old beavers were in the lake behind me slapping the water with their tails to scare me away so they could reach home. Their old dam at the foot of the lake is overgrown with trees more than seventy years old.

One day in my wanderings up a stream, I discovered a beaver dam—a new one—from five feet high in the stream to a foot high along the bank and extending a hundred and twenty five feet in length. The entire labor of this great and skillful work had been accomplished during the present summer, and here and there are fresh mud and sticks newly

cut and stones added last night. Once at dusk they were seen at work ; they work in gangs like men and evidently all are under one boss who superintends all movements in language of their own. These wanderings fill the days full of delight unknown to anyone but the camper-out.

The nights were as pleasing as the days. The moon was at the full and no clouds. I was almost persuaded to attempt a photo of the lake and mountains under its power. Such nights are inspiring. One is never lonely ; one hears a whistle that reveals the near approach of a deer who is surprised at our camp lights. Once I heard the sharp inquisitive bark of a fox still hunting for a late supper, and frequently you hear the who-o-o-o of the owl in a tree over your cabin answered back by his comrade on the mountain across the bay.

Another night, the wind in all its fury blows in great blasts with rushing, roaring softness known only in the forest. And the thunder shower ! It came at first in distant rumblings, soft, restful and sleep-wooing, then heavy, rolling and trembling it came ; then I sprang from my bed to the cabin door to admire it. The lightning burst all along the chain of mountains in streaming, blinding, continuous flashes, lighting up the entire surroundings. And the thunder ! though perhaps as heavy as I ever heard was softened and subdued in its detonations to a degree almost pleasing to the senses. Rain fell in torrents on the cabin roof and after the space of a half hour, the rain cloud had passed and that lovely big moon again shone out in all its splendor, while the echoes died away over the forest. And thus we lived another two weeks in restful quiet, nearer to God and Nature.

'Twas a joy to press the pillow
Of the dear old hemlock bed,
And catch the rain that trickled
Through the bark roof overhead.

—E. M. M.

THE "HEAVENLY TWINS"

[FROM WINCHESTER (MASS.) STAR.]

When the fountain on the Common was dismantled, the twins, or cherubs, were taken to the North Reservoir and there placed in a commanding position overlooking the beautiful lake. During the summer and up to the present time, they have faithfully attended to their duty by throwing high into the air, sparkling jets of water which glimmer in the bright sunlight to the evident pleasure of all visitors to this romantic spot. Jack Frost has been particularly thoughtful and has attempted to shield their nakedness from the biting blasts of winter, and in their improvised garb Mr. Edward M. Messenger has succeeded in taking the accompanying picture, and also in penning the following lines to our famous "Heavenly Twins."

ICE BOUND.

These cherubs were a happy pair,
One is not seen, but it is there.
The modest one so bashful grew,
She prayed for clothing for the two.

Jack Frost, by whom her wail was heard,
Once touched the fountain as it poured ;
He weaved a robe of purest white,
To cover both up, out of sight.



THE "HEAVENLY TWINS."

Like many another piece of cloth,
It lacked in width to cover both,
And as of old—I've heard it said—
She has all the clothes and half the bed.

—E. M. M.

EVANGELINE LAND.

Of the Province of Nova Scotia, the pretty town of Wolfville with its shaded streets, is one of the educational centers, containing the Acadia College, Ladies' Seminary and associated branches of education. And this being in Evangeline land, most tourists make this town their headquarters for sightseeing. The pleasing drives from this point are the main features in doing the Province. They comprise Cape Blomidon, the highest point of elevation and on which is situated the quartz mines of unusual interest to geological students.

The "Lookoff" gives an extended view of the bay and surrounding country. The Gaspereau river and valley with its fruit orchards, vieing with the Anapolis for supremacy. The extensive dykes of the prairie and the ruins and remnants of those originally built.

Grand Pre village, distance less than two miles, is on the site of the old original town, settled in 1603, and with Anapolis and Halifax, the oldest of historical record in the Province. Here was the home of Evangeline, the heroine of Longfellow's poem.

In the slow, but steady march of natural changes and decays, the wonder is that any evidences of that period still remain, but here are to be seen landmarks of the olden time. The old willow trees putting forth green leaves every spring in their continued struggle for existence; a magnificent, mute appeal to the many generations of pos-

terity. : This depression, once a cellar where stood the residence of their revered priest. The old "mill" near by. There the same old road through the village on which the shop of the blacksmith was located, while a half mile further east, the Gaspereau still pours its crystal volume into the bay, as it did in 1755, when the British ships lay in the offing, receiving on board the families for deportation.

Aside from this historic locality, the tourist sees but little in the Province that appeals to the senses as being astonishing, unique or picturesque, much less artistic. One looks in vain for a cozy vine-clad cottage or a secluded nook, where the hand of nature has been kind. The wild wooded country is covered mostly with the spruce and other varieties common to that latitude, but as there are no mountain elevations here, so there can be no overhanging cliffs, nor deep sombre canyons, nor dashing waterfalls. Beautiful pastoral scenes there are on every hand, but the tourist soon tires and longs for a day on the Clackamas river, in the Cascade Mountains, or the St. Joe river in the Kootenais.

THE ACADIAN WILLOWS.

Marking the original locality of the priest's house and the church of the Acadians at Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, are still standing in a row, like veteran soldiers with a duty unfinished, eight large, wide-spreading willow trees, hoary and broken by the winds of more than two centuries.

The story of the deportation of the Acadians from their homes in that country; the separating and scattering of families of loved ones, has been told in prose and verse, and a wide, deep vein of sympathy for such distressing fortunes of war is assured that people for all future time, through

the influence of the touching poem by Longfellow, in his *Evangeline*. Many descendants of that once happy French colony, established on the shores of Minas Basin, three hundred years ago, still linger in fond memory of their ancestors. We can well believe they love also to sit, as did the father of *Evangeline* on that memorable night,—

“ Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not,
he spake not.”

And gaze long and lovingly on the beautiful prairie they still covet as their own ; on trees planted in love and labor two hundred years ago by the hands of their forefathers. What wonder that in these hours of looking backward from the shadow of the grand old willows, these tender-hearted and simple people should be carried along on the tidal wave of fancy until among the gnarled and twisted trunks and branches, the faces of their sires are revealed to the fevered imagination ! But is it imagination ? Can the veracity of the camera be questioned ?



ACADIAN WILLOW,
In which Ancestral faces are seen.

THE STORY OF JIM.

The arrangements of colors and delicacy of tints in the plumage of birds, is to me a most fascinating study. And especially are the voices that are bequeathed to some of the beautiful and eloquent creations of the feathered race, an inspiration.

In the early years of my life, I formed acquaintance with every local species of bird life of which there were many at that time, and since many years, they are still fresh in my memory. It was not however until the present decade that I met the Rosebreasted Grosbeak in captivity ; for there only, is where his charming qualities can be satisfactorily observed.

The Rosebreast comes upon the scene gorgeous in his black suit with white trimming and a large chimesette of lovely rosepink covering his breast and also underlining his wings. A wonderfully decorated bird to look upon, and a ravishing songster of the highest type.

Of such was Jim, and is Jim, for Jim is no fiction, but a living being who gladdens the senses of sight and hearing of all who are fortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

At my first interview with Jim, I was introduced with two companions. Jim looked at us with a grace fit for the stage. His cap raised a trifle, through fear or surprise at seeing so many strange faces ; then stretching his neck full towards me, slowly raised himself to his full height then lowered to the level ; turned his eyes on the next stranger

and went through the same comical manœuvres with each of us ; after which he devoted his attention to his old and tried friends.

Jim has many eccentricities, but in captivity is a knight that never sulks in his tent. He sings and dances for all, from April to August, every day from 3.30 a. m. to 4.30 p. m., and performs many tricks of merit that denotes unusual intelligence. Jim coughs, cries, laughs and dances, like any other member of a well regulated family, and is not afraid of the kissing-bug with his master or mistress. In dress, too, Jim conforms to the usual rules or whims of society. Under the summer sun, the bright colors of his best outfit fade and in late August he has cast off the offending feathers one by one until he has figuratively, " nothing to wear," and literally, scarcely sufficient clothing left to compare favorably with the ladies modern bathing suit. Then, even Jim, is laughed at until he takes on his new suit of brown, black and strawberry color of the winter style.

The beautiful oriole, is in possession of perhaps some of the sweetest vocal strains of bird voice ; but while the rose-breast compasses that same soulful, liquid tone in his cadences, it is also backed up by much greater volume, and he is more persistent and untiring in his rendering and repetition of the song. He sings as if he knew some of his listeners to be in the distant part of the house and it was his desire to reach their ears. And if perchance he hears a footstep, he stretches forward his neck to catch the first glimpse of the approaching visitor whom he is then giving a greeting. And in that peaceful stillness that pervades the hours of daybreak, you can distinctly catch an

undertone running through his song, giving it the character of a gurgling duet.

Although Jim must now have seen fifteen or sixteen years, with the intelligent and untiring care and judicious feeding, that has been his lot, age has not dimmed the lustre of his eye, nor detracted in the least from the original purity and sweetness of his voice.

Jim has a history which truthfully told, includes some thrilling incidents suggestive of a fairy tale. He has been a member of his present home for the past fourteen years. Of his earlier life, there is no records, whether his claims of nativity fall to the Glades of Florida, the Pampas of Texas, or the Mountains of North Carolina, we know not. Jim was young and vigorous and through intuition or influence of migrating flocks, he started north. Escaping the ambush of various foes he travelled many days, to arrive at last in a beautiful city in Massachusetts, only to be fallen upon by a new and strange enemy in the person of some cruel hawk, hidden among the tree-shaded streets in the early morning.

Now I see him! putting his entire strength into his wings that have previously served him so effectually; dodging here and there—over house-tops—in and out among steeples and chimneys, till finally poor Jim was clutched in the talons of his cruel, relentless enemy, and the tragedy was seemingly completed. Then came the service of the Angel of God, who had witnessed this unequal contest; to dash them with stunning force against a friendly wire. The shock loosed the talons of his captor, and poor Jim now unconscious, drops beyond the reach of his baffled foe.

At this time in the year, 1892, there lived in the city of Worcester, this family of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome C. Field. About seven o'clock of the morning of May 10, as their janitor entered a business block to pursue his duties he felt some soft object strike and lodge on his shoulder. Reaching back his hand to divine the cause, he was sharply pecked. He clasped in his hand a bird of once beautiful plumage, now besmeared with its own blood oozing from many wounds and apparently dying. This pathetic sight touched the heart of the janitor. He left his work, carefully took the little sufferer to the home of his employer and gave it to the lady. She gave it the tender care she would render a wounded child ; removing the blood and arranging its feathers, and when after a time it opened its little glistening black eyes and looked at her, she said, " his name shall be Jim." Although Jim's timidity caused his loving mistress much caution and difficulty in approaching his cage with food and water for many weeks, yet, when quite alone the second day after his installation in his new home, he lifted up his sweet voice and sang his praise to God for delivery from death.

It is written : " Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? " " Verily I say unto you, one of these shall not fall to the ground without our Father. " Through the agency of some indefinable dispensation, Jim fell to the hands of this family. His rich voice is like a revelation and fills their hearts with visions of a future life of love, holiness and happiness. They prize him on a high level with worldly possessions. They call him their mascot and they love him as we should love all created things in the world.

EDWARD MARSHALL MESSENGER.

GENEALOGY
OF
MESSENGER—HOLMES

1594—1911



The Crest of the
Messenger "Coat of Arms."

GENEALOGY.

- Henry (1) Messenger. Born in England, 1618. Died in Boston, 1681, made freeman in 1665, member of A. and H. Artillery 1658. Married Sarah Were residents of Boston in 1640, where the old Boston Museum stands.
- Thomas (2) Messenger. Born in Boston, Mar. 20, 1661. Married Elizabeth Mellows.
- Ebenezer (3) Messenger. Born in Boston, June 2, 1697. Died in Wrentham. Married Rebecca Sweetzer (ceremony by Cotton Mather.)
- Sweetzer (4) Messenger. Born in Wrentham, Mass., died there. Married Elizabeth Smith.
- Samuel (5) Messenger. Born in Wrentham, May 12, 1761. Died in Stoddard, N. H., Aug. 30, 1824. Married Lavinia Blake. Born in Wrentham.
- Marshall (6) Messenger. Born in Stoddard, N. H., May 16, 1802. Died in Stoddard, Apr. 28, 1865. Married 1st, Nancy Friend. Born in Stoddard, May 6, 1806, killed by the lightning July 31, 1835. Left two girls, 5 years, 3 years. Married 2nd, Fannie M. Holmes. Born in Stoddard, Sept. 19, 1805. Died in Boston, Mass. Jan. 27, 1891. Had four children.
- Edward M. (7) Messenger. Born in Stoddard, June 12, 1841, now living in Winchester, Mass., 1911. Married 1st, Martha W. Leach, daughter of Col. Bradley Leach and Eliza (Woodward) Leach. Born in Westmoreland, N. H., Jan. 22, 1843. Died in Westmoreland, Sept. 27, 1865. Married 2nd, Mary (Proctor) Marshall. Born in New Ipswich, May 17, 1864, now living in Winchester, Mass.
- Edward W. (8) Messenger. Son of Edward M. Messenger and Martha (Leach) Messenger. Born in Westmoreland, N. H., Sept. 16, 1865. Married Jessie M., daughter of Deacon Otis Hutchins and Sarah (Patten) Hutchins. Born in Westmoreland, N. H., Oct. 20, 1870, both now living in Melrose, Mass., 1911.
- Guy Holmes (8) Messenger. Son of Edward M. Messenger and

Mary (Proctor) Messenger. Born in Winchester, Mass., July 26, 1893, now living in Winchester, Mass., 1911.

Helen M. (9) Messenger. Daughter of Edward W. Messenger and Jessie (Hutchins) Messenger. Born in Winchester, Mass., Nov. 17, 1894, now living in Melrose, Mass.

Marshall E. (9) Messenger. Son of Edward W. Messenger and Jessie (Hutchins) Messenger. Born in Melrose, Mass., Feb. 5, 1904, now living in Melrose, Mass.

George (1) Holmes. Born in Nazing, England, 1594. Died in Roxbury, Mass., Dec. 18, 1645. Came to America, 1637. Made freeman, May 22, 1639. Married in England Deborah Born there and died in Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 6, 1662. Had eight children.

John (2) Holmes. Born in Roxbury, 1643. Died May 17, 1676. Married Sarah Settled in Woodstock, Ct. (Ancestors of Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

Samuel (3) Holmes. Baptized July 13, 1675. Died in Dedham, Mass., April 16, 1725. Married Mary Bullard, December 22, 1696.

Ebenezer (4) Holmes. Born in Dedham, Mass., April 4, 1706. Died May 30, 1785. Married Sarah Coney, Jan. 25, 1732, ceremony by Samuel Dunbar.

Ebenezer (5) Holmes. Born in Dedham, May 12, 1733. Died June 24, 1801. Married Jemima Lyon, Jan. 20, 1761. Born in Walpole, Mass., Dec. 23, 1738. Died in Sharon, Mass., Feb. 6, 1816.

George (6) Holmes. Born in Sharon, Mass., Oct. 9, 1761. Died in Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 1, 1843. Married Rachel Allen, Oct. 25, 1781. Died in Stoddard, N. H., Nov. 9, 1846, age 84 years. Moved from Sharon, Mass., to Stoddard, N. H., Feb. 9, 1792. Had ten children.

Fanny M. (7) Holmes. Born in Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 19, 1805. Died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 27, 1891. Married Marshall Messenger, July 14, 1836. Born in Stoddard, May 16, 1802. Died there April 28, 1865.

*Children of Samuel (5) Messenger and Lavinia
(Blake) Messenger.*

- Hermion (1) Born March 18, 1790. Died in Stoddard, N. H., Feb. 17, 1840. Married Lydia Bent. Died in Stoddard, Jan. 23, 1867.
- Rebecca (2) Born Aug. 16, 1791. Died young.
- Nancy (3) Born May 21, 1793. Married Alphaus Wright, Dec. 22, 1814.
- Samuel (4) Born in Stoddard, March 2, 1795. Died in Lempster, N. H. Married 1st, Nancy Phelps, Jan. 8, 1820. Married 2nd, Sally Bend, June 6, 1822. Died in Lempster.
- Lavinia (5) Born in Stoddard, Sept. 21, 1796. Died in Marlow, N. H. Married Joel Tenney Marlow.
- Cordelia (6) Born in Stoddard, May 31, 1799. Died in July 15, 1888. Married Rufus Dodge, Nov. 18, 1824.
- Marshall (7) Born in Stoddard, May 16, 1802. Died there April 28, 1865. Married 1st, Nancy Friend. Born in Stoddard, May 6, 1806, killed by the lightning in Stoddard, July 31, 1835. Married 2nd, Fanny M. Holmes. Born Sept. 19, 1805. Died in Boston, Jan. 27, 1891.
- Silas (8) Born in Stoddard, Dec. 23, 1803. Died there July 1, 1871. Married Arvilla L. Copeland, Stoddard, N. H. Died in Keene, N. H., June 1, 1906, age 96 years, 6 months, 26 days.
- Betsy Alma (9) Born in Stoddard, March 3, 1803. Died there Jan. 14, 1832.
- Barnum Blake (10) Born in Stoddard, December 13, 1811. Died in Beaver, Utah, May 27, 1878. Married Louisa B. Howard. Born in Stoddard, Oct. 5, 1819. Died in Beaver, Utah, May 19, 1908, aged 89 years, 8 months, 14 days.

*Children of George (6) Holmes and Rachal (Allen)
Holmes.*

- Lucy (1) Born in Sharon, Mass., Feb. 1, 1782. Died in Westport, New York, April 4, 1856. Married Amos Thompson, March 15, 1803.
- Jabez (2) Born in Sharon, Sept. 11, 1784. Died in Marcy, New York, March 18, 1852. Married Margaret Burns. Born in Marcy, New York, 1789. Died there Feb. 15, 1862.

Clifford (3) Born in Sharon, Jan. 17, 1787. Died in South Charlestown, N. H., April 18, 1859. Married Nancy Thompson. Born in Stoddard, 1789. Died in Langdon, N. H., May 24, 1880.

Preston (4) Born in Sharon, May 15, 1788. Died Nov. 17, 1858. Married 1st, Elizabeth Lund, Milford, N. H. 2nd, Margaret Burk, Williamstown. N. Y. 3rd, Rebecca Scoby.

Augustin (5) Born in Sharon, March 8, 1791. Died in Walpole, N. H., March 7, 1882. Married Martha Mead. Died Dec. 5, 1855.

Luke (6) Born in Stoddard, N. H., Jan. 6, 1794. Died in Milton, Wisconsin, Jan. 22, 1871. Married Sally P. Corey. Born July 3, 1798. Died April 7, 1889.

Dorothy (7) Born in Stoddard, Jan. 2, 1798. Died in Hancock, N. H., Nov. 12, 1893. Married Jessie Wilder. Born in Ringe, N. H., March 13, 1793. Died in Stoddard, Feb. 4, 1864.

Sally (8) Born in Stoddard, Jan. 6, 1799. Died in Langdon, N. H., Sept. 10, 1860. Married Zolva Baker, May 8, 1828, Nelson. N. H. Died there.

George Edward (9) Born in Stoddard, Feb. 17, 1802. Died in Rock Island, Ill., Jan. 3, 1872. Married 1st, Mary Moore Lunenburg, Vermont. Married 2nd, Laurain Durfee, Port Byron, Ill. Born in Aug. 15, 1805. Died in Aug. 29, 1896.

Fanny Matson (10) Born in Stoddard, Sept. 19, 1805. Died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 27, 1891. Married July 14, 1836, Marshall Messenger, born in Stoddard, May 16, 1802, died there April 28, 1865.

*Children of Marshall Messenger and Nancy (Friend)
Messenger.*

Huldah Ann (1) Born in Stoddard, N. H., Oct. 14, 1830, now living in Greenfield, N. H., 1911. Married Fred N. Lowe. Born in Greenfield, N. H., 1832. Died in Lowell, Mass., Nov. 17, 1862.

Harriet Frances (2) Born in Stoddard, April 12, 1833. Died in Hancock, N. H., April 3, 1887. Married Bezaleel Taft. Born in Swanzey, N. H. Died in Keene, N. H., Oct. 31, 1852.

Marshall Messenger and Fanny (Holmes) Messenger.

Freeman Woodbury (1) Born in Stoddard, May 1, 1837. Died in Aurora, Ill., March 9, 1886. Married Hattie Blodgett. Born in Stoddard. Died in Stoddard, Aug. 14, 1864. Married 2nd, Eugenie Canney, Boston, Mass.

George Milan (2) Born in Stoddard, Jan. 1, 1839. Died in East Jaffrey, N. H., Nov. 29, 1856.

Maria Nancy (3) Born in Stoddard, May 5, 1840. Died in Sharon, N. H., July 26, 1881. Married Ira H. Proctor. Born in Stoddard. Died there. Married 2nd, Amos J. Proctor. Born in Stoddard, now living in Hillsboro, N. H., 1911.

Edward Marshall (4) Born in Stoddard, Jan. 12, 1841, now living in Winchester, Mass., 1911. Married 1st, Martha W. Leach. Born in Westmoreland, Jan. 22, 1843. Died in Westmoreland, Sept. 27, 1865. Married 2nd, Mary (Proctor) Marshall. Born in New Ipswich, N. H., May 17, 1864, now living in Winchester.

REVOLUTIONARY RECORDS.

- Samuel Messenger, enlisted Nov. 3, 1777, discharged Feb. 3, 1778, signed receipt for bounty, Col. Brooks Reg., Capt. Moses Adams Co.
- 2nd Enlisted Feb. 3, 1778, discharged April 3, 1778, Guards at Cambridge. Same Reg. and Co. as before.
- 3d Enlisted Aug. 24, 1778, discharged Sept. . . 1778, Col. John Dagget Reg., Capt. Boyd's Co. Expedition to Rhode Island.
- 4th Enlisted July 28, 1780, discharged Aug. 7, 1870; service Rhode Island. Major Seth Bullard, Capt. Samuel Fisher.
- 5th Enlisted from town of Medfield, Mass., Oct. 8, 1782, discharged Oct. 24, 1782, service at Hull; Major Job Cushing, Capt John Baxter Co.
- 1st Ebenezer Holmes. Enlisted July 23, 1779, discharged April 23, 1780, 3rd Mass. Reg., Col. John Greateon, Capt. Edward Compton (from Lieut. James Davis.)
- 2nd Enlisted July . . . 1780, discharged Aug. 9, 1780, same Reg. Rhode Island Expedition.
- 1st George Holmes. Enlisted Sept. 25, 1777, discharged Oct. 31, 1777, Col. Theophilus Cotton, Capt. Nat Goodwin. Expedition to Rhode Island.
- 2nd Enlisted Nov. 3, 1777, discharged Apr. 3, 1778, Col. Brooks Reg., Capt. Moses Adams, Guards at Cambridge.
- 1st George Allen. Enlisted "for the war," Feb. 11, 1777, Ret. of Co., Sept. 10, 1778, 12th Mass. Reg. Col. Gamaliel Bradford, Capt. Zebedee.
- 2nd Enlisted July 5, 1780, same Reg. "for six mos," July 23. Promoted to Sergeant. Transferred to 7th Mass. Reg. Lieut. Col. John Brooks, Capt. Rufus Lincoln. Discharged Jan. 1, 1781.

CIVIL WAR RECORD.

- Edward M. Messenger. Enlisted Aug. 14, 1862, 9th Reg. N. H. Vols., Col. I., Col. Fellows, Lieut.-Col. Herbert Titus, Capt. John Babbitt. Engaged, Battle of South Mountain, Maryland, Sept. 14, 1862. Battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862. Wounded in head over right eye, loss of eyesight. Also lost thumb of left hand. Discharged and pensioned, 1863.

